

Donne's SATYR.

CONTAINING

- 1. A short Map of mundane Vanity
- 2. A Cabinet of Merry Conceits.
- 3. Certain pleasant Propositions,
and Questions, with their merry
Solutions and Answers.

Being very Useful, Pleasant, and Delightful to
all; and Offensive to none.

By *Jo. Donne.*



London, Printed by *R. W.* for *M. Wright*, at the
Kings Head in the Old-Bailey, 1662.

*To the Right Worſhipful, and his ve-
ry good Friend, Sir Francis Ed-
wards Baronet, and to his truly ver-
tuous Mother, the right Worſhipful
Lady, Sicely Edwards of Shrewf-
bury, in the County of Salop, Wid-
dow, the Author entirely wiſſeth the
full accompliſhment of their choiceſt
deſires both here, and hereafter.*

Right Worſhipful,

AS after ſickneſs, health; after re-
ſtraint, liberty; after ſorrows,
ſolace; after pain, pleaſure; after
ſhowres, ſunſhine; after wars, peace;
and after melancholly, mirth is the
more muſical, ſweet, acceptable,
delightful, and pleaſant to the full
posſeſ-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

possessor and free enjoyer thereof; so in regard of the many and manifold pressures, oppressions, plunderings, exilements, imprisonments, and inutterable injuries and wrongs many millions have for these many years of late undoubtedly endured, if they were right Royalists; and wherein your Right Worshipfull Father Sir Thomas Edwards late deceased (I am confident) did not escape scotfree: I have presumed to present to your favourable Censure, *A Cabinet of merry Conceits*, which I penn'd at some interims of leasure for mine own private recreation then, but for yours now; wishing that you may be as pleasant in the perusing of them, as I was in the
com-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

composing of them. Wherein I have pretermitted divine matters; for, *non ludendum cum sanctis*; remembering that the Fly playing with the candle had his wings clipt for his over boldness: nor have I intermeddled with State Affairs, for, *quæ supra nos, nihil ad nos*; nor forgetting *Æsops* Wolf, who prying into the Lions den, had his skin pull'd o'ne his ears for his presumption. Nor have I pointed at any particular persons by (Critick-like) traducing his good name; or (Cinick-like) carping at his carriage and conditions; for I never lik'd of such an one as *Horace* hints at, *— inquit — in modum odoris non excuciat sibi non hic cuiquam parcat amico.*

The Epistle Dedicatory.

So he may shake with laughter where
he goes;

He does not spare the dearest friend
he knows.

Since this late, though long desir'd
thrice happy Alteration, far beyond
the expectation of humane wit, (for
therein was *digitus Dei*, the visible
power of the invisible Divine Pro-
vidence perspicuously manifested to
all the world) very many, and those
great ones too, who though they had
the cream of the former times, have
clean turn'd Cat in pan, and would
have all, (if it might be) they finde
such sweetness in it. Indeed it was
long since a remarkable Machiavili-
an Maxime, that *qui nescit dissimu-*
lare, nescit curare, (i. e.) who can-

not

The Epistle Dedicatory.

not dissemble cannot live ; which though it were a Heathenish speech, yet was never put more in practice then in these Phanatick times; for he that cannot metamorphose his shape like *Proteus*, vary his hiew like the *Polypus*, change his colour like the *Cameleon*, bear two faces under a hood like *Janus*, comply with every Planet like *Mercury*, vary and change like the Moon constantly, turn with the Weathercock, adulate with *Aristippus*, equivocate with *Synon*, dissemble with *Gnatho*, hunt with the Hound, and hold with the Hare, carry fire in the one hand, and water in the other; and in a word, who cannot temporize at all times, with all persons, and in all places,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

places, that man knows not how to look or live in this hypocritical, perverse, and crooked Generation. I remember a Jeast, as I heard father'd upon Dr. *Pearn* a Cantabrigian, in the time of *Hen. 8.* in whose Reign there was much chopping and changing in matters of Religion, and still this Dr. temporiz'd and turn'd with them at a hairs breadth; who being a notable bone Companion, and invited to a great Feast, after dinner was ended, he very pleasantly cull'd out a Gentlewoman there to dance with him, whom after a little tracing he highly applauded for her exquisite dancing; (as indeed she merited no less) she thanking him for her undeser-

cccclq

The Epistle Dedicatory.

deserved commendations, retorts
this jeer upon him; Truly Mr. Dr.
I must ingeniously confess I can
dance indifferent well, but I cannot
turn so well as you: whereat the
whole company then present laugh-
ed very heartily. Another Gentle-
man in an eminent Office at Court
in the same K. Henry's Reign, kept
ever a correspondency with the
times, let them turn how they
would he weigh'd not, when as
others that had a more tender con-
science were displac'd and lost all;
which some well observing, ask'd
him how he could hold in such diffi-
cult times as those were. *Rish,*
(quoth he) ye are all fools, *ego ex so-*
lice fio, non ex quercu; I am made of
the

The Epistle Dedicatory.

the tractable and pliable Willow,
and not of the inflexible and stub-
born Oak. Wherein the loyal Roy-
allists rightly resembles the Oak ;
for as the well-rooted Oak will not
be easily overturn'd by any violent
storm, or furious tempest whatso-
ever ; so the well gounded Royal-
list will not be moved , much less
be carried away with every whirling
winde of any vain, erroneous, and
false doctrine, but like *Aristotles*
Quadratus, in *utrumque paratus*,
come weal or woe, prosperity or
povery, he continues still the same.
The Oak was formerly by the Hea-
thens dedicated to *Jupiter*, and so
termed *Jovis arbor* ; but we may
now more properly call it, not *Jo-*
vis,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

vis; but *Jehovæ arbor*, not *Joves*, but *Jehovahs* tree; for the Royall Oake, by the special Divine Providence proved a most happy *Asylum*, and sure succour and refuge to his most Sacred Majesty, when his innocent integrity was most eagerly pursued after by those raging and ravening, blood-seeking and blood-sucking Wolves, (palliated in fair and specious sheeps cloathing) to be utterly devoured by them. Now right Worshipful, in that I well know, that I shall have some mocking *Momus*, carping *Zoilus*, and snarling *Cynick* (whereof no age is free) censoriously to traduce, and despitefully to writhe and wrest the sense and meaning of some of these
my

The Epistle Dedicatory.

my harmless Lines; I tender these
my pleasing pains to your Worship
as my *Mecenas*, to secure and
shrewd them under the tutelary Pa-
tronage of your Worships protecti-
on, as under *Achilles* seven-fold
Buckler, from the inevitable darts
of calumniating tongues. In an
assured Confidence whereof, I
am

Your Worships most humbly
devoted Servant,
to be commanded,

Jo. Donne, *Salopianensis*.



SHORT MAP

OF

Mundane Vanity.

Vanitas vanitatum, & omnia vanitas.
 Vanity of vanity, and all is vanity.

1. Of Mundane Vanity.

WHEN Solomon had tried all variety
 Of mundane pleasures, ev'n to full satiety;
 And after thoroughly weigh'd the worlds condition,
 And therein man: concludes with this Position,
 All that man can in this wide World inherit,
 Is vain, and but vexation of the Spirit.

A short Map

2. Of the World.

The World's much like a fair deceitful Nut,
Whereto when once the knife of truth is put,
And it is open'd, a right judicious eye
Findes nothing in't, but meer vacuity.

3. Of the same.

The World's a Book, all Creatures are the Story;
Wherein God reads dumb lectures of his glory.

4. Another of the same.

Earth is the womb from whence all living came,
So is't the tomb, all go unto the same;
And as at first all naked thence were born,
So as naked thither all at last return;
Unless they carry thence a winding sheet,
To hide their weak frail nakedness, most meet.

5. Another of the same.

When *Alexander* had subdued almost
This spacious Globe, and therein ev'ry Coast,
He ask'd his Tutor *Aristotle*, whether
There were more Worlds to conquer altogether:
Who

Who answer'd, there were many worlds beside ;
Whereat ambitious *Alexander* cry'd :
Which shews this great world is far lesser than
The small heart, in the little world of man.

6. *Of man the little World.*

The whole course of mans life compar'd may be
Unto an Interlude, or Comedy :
The World's the Theater, or Stage whereon
Some part or other's acted by each one ;
One acts a Prince, which in great pomp doth shine,
Another personates a grave Divine ;
This acts a curious Courtier neat and gay,
And that a Clown, or Jeaster in the Play.
This an hard Lawyer pleading at the Bar,
That a rich Merchant that had travel'd far ;
This a bold Souldier that his fortune tries,
A Doctor that which cures all maladies ;
This a Shop-keeper selling sorts of wares,
And that a Plowman full of carks and cares ;
This a rich Usurer, which of gold hath store,
A Beggar that, which goes from door to door.
In fine, some act this part, and others that,
And some present (indeed) they know not what :
To this a long, to that a short part's cast,
But short or long, they all come off at last :
Nature hath a Catastrophe intended,
Death sayes th' Epilogue, and th' Play is ended.

7. Of youthful Love.

Love's an entraged frenzie of the Brain,
 Which makes one extream sick, yet feels no pain;
 H'as all his parts, yet puts them to no function,
 He pines away, and yet's in no consumption:
 He hath a heart, yet's heartles, sees, yet's blinde,
 Not *mentis compos*, yet he hath a minde.
 He labours not, and yet no rest he takes,
 He ofttimes waking sleeps, and sleeping wakes;
 He laughs and weeps, sighs and sings presently,
 He's in good health, yet ready for to dye:
 He's loose, and yet in close captivity,
 Wounded yet whole, sick yet well, bound yet free:
 He's an inanimate without a Soul,
 In that another body hath it whole.
 He's like a moving meer Anatomy,
 Or like a seeming living Mortuary;
 He leads a living death, and dying life,
 'Cause whom he loves, he cannot have to wife.
 Thus 'twixt despair and hope, both night and day,
 His careful careless time he drives away.

8. Of Lust.

A Leacher's of a Leeches nature right,
 The which in sucking sets his sole delight,

of Mundane Vanity.

5

Its very eager at a fluent vein,
Still sucks and vents, and vents and sucks again;
And he like *Hanibal* can never rest,
Whether he lose the field, or get the best.

9. Of Ebriety.

Drunkards like one sick of the Dropie lies,
The more he drinks, the more for drink he cries;
And when it's more then well his hide can hold,
Yet still he thirsts for more, and more fain would.

10. Of Avarice.

A Miser's like the dog, which with a bone
Swum o're the water, whilst the sun clear shone;
Greedy of more, he at the shadow catches,
But brought nought home, to do most miser
wretches:
Such pinch and pine their belly and their back,
And though they have too much, yet more they
lack.

11. Of Frugality.

A frugal thirsty man compare one may,
T'a fasting Eve, before an Holy-day;
His fasting over night makes others fare
The next day better for what he did spare.

12. Of Prodigality.

A Prodigal is like a stormy showre,
 Which if impetuously it down do pour,
 'Tis soon gone; so the faster he doth spend,
 The sooner he brings all unto an end:
 For it's a Philosophick Axiom sure,
Nothing that's violent can long endure.

13. Of Gluttony.

A beastly Glutton's like a Cormorant,
 Which when of Fish he lights of a great haunt,
 It greedily ingurgitates such store,
 That it is faine to cast some upon shore:
 So when this all-devouring Glutton puts
 More offas in his full farr'd fowl fat guts,
 Then his o'reladen Panch can well contain,
 He loathsomely ejects it out again.

14. Of Hypocrisie.

A formal Hypocrite is ev'ry way
 Directly like an Actor in a Play;
 Who (what e're the spectators of him deemeth)
 Is not the same which then in shew he seemeth.

of Mundane Vanity.

7

15. Of Astrology.

Plato did say, that he did wonder much,
(His censure of Astrologers was such)
That they on one another did not smile,
When e're they met, they w'd such friend & guile;
And that Imposter with his subtile fictions,
And with's Perhaps ambiguous war-predictions,
Lapt up his quaint mysterious Dilemmas slily,
But now his own side knows he did but lye lye.

16. Of Theology, or Divinity.

Theology's like *Moses* shining face,
So veil'd, vile Atheists cannot view its blaze;
But to such as thereof make just account,
It's like to *Christ* transfigur'd on the Mount.

17. Of the Law.

Law's a Meander, Labyrinth, or Maze,
Wherein though men do scrutinize each place;
Yet betwixt hope, despair, and fear, and doubt,
A silver clue at last must guide them out.

18. Of Physick.

Physick's a ship pump to force water thence,
By leaks procur'd through Pilates negligence.

A Short Map

Want of which pumping, and of cauking chinks,
(If any be) the ship and all soon sinks.

19. Of Humane Knowledge.

All humane knowledge when it comes to trial,
Is like the Storks meat in a close mouth'd viab;
The Fox look'd, lik'd, lik'd, long'd, (but not a pin
The beaver) he here sought the meat within.

20. Of Learning.

Learning's a trimming for to set out brags,
The homely plain apparel Nature gave.

21. Of High Birth.

High Birth is but a meer vain-glorious brag,
At first fetcht from some Misers muncorn bag.

22. Of Beauty.

Beauty's a flower in prime of morn affected,
And in declining noon a blast rejected.

23. Of Honour.

Honour's a shadow which the follower flies,
And such as from it haste, it after byes.

24. Of Pleasure.

Pleasure's a short sweet dance of joy and gladness;
With sport begun, soon done, and ends in sadness.

25. Of Pride.

Pride's a meer meteor made of slightly matter,
A soapy bubble rais'd of winde and water;
The richest silks that pride can wear, worms gave
them,
The comeliest corps that pride can bear, worms
have them.

26. Of Ambition.

The ambitious man a ladder first doth clime,
But (heedless) ne're looks back at any time;
The Devil steals the staves away amain,
For to prevent his coming down again;
When he sees no way thence, but he must fall,
He tumbles down, and breaks his neck withall.

27. Of Applause.

Applause is but a puff of winde which blows,
Now here, now there, as each one's fancy goes.

28. *Of Marriage.*

Folks wedded are like guests at a great feast,
 Having well fed would gladly be releast;
 The unmarried fain would in their rooms be plac'd,
 That (hungry) they of their good chear might
 taste.

29. *Of Riches.*

Riches puff up the owner, like the As
 Which did with Queen *Tomyris* statue pass;
 The people to her glorious Image bow'd,
 The As thought they him ador'd, and so grew
 (proud,

30. *Of Poverty.*

A poor man's like an Almanack that's gone,
 Quite out of date, cast by, nor look'd upon;
 Or like as *Aesop's* poor old Lion was
 Of all beasts scorn'd, as much as of the As.

31. *Of Venery.*

As a thief in a Candle ne're doth cease,
 Till it by running wastes the candle grease;
 So frequent Venery exhausts soon all
 Mans life, preserving moisture radical,

of Mundane Vanity.

11

Of the four Ages of Man.

32. 1. Of Infancy.

The Infant at's first entrance to this light,
By's piteous cries and tears foretelleth right,
He's come into a world of grief, not laughter,
And (if he lives) will feel much more hereafter.

33. 2. Of Youth.

Youth's ape-like apt to play with, and rejoyce
In babies, bables, rattles, gauds, and toyes;
Its wilde, rash, rude in ev'ry enterprise,
Bruit-like incapable of good advise.

34. 3. Of Manhood.

Manhood is like a roaring raging Sea,
Wherein as waves and surges, night and day
Some loss or cross, some sorrow, grief, or pain
Straight follows in the others neck again.

35. 4. Of Old Age.

Old Age is the meer Map of Miseries,
And Receptacle of all Maladies;

No

No use of the five Senses it retains,
Except the sense of Feeling of all pains.

36. *Of Mans Life.*

The whole course of mans life is ev'ry way
Directly (if we note) but as one day;
The same things, or the like, we daily plain
Do re-act o're and o're, and o're again:
Why do we not (as cloud) then loath this light,
Because life ne're so bitter still is sweet.

37. *Another of the same, and of the brevity thereof.*

Mans life compar'd to many things I finde,
For Job doth similize it to the winde;
James to a vapour, Esay unto grass,
David t'a shadow, Paul unto a race;
Some to a sleep, and others to a dream,
And some to the swift running of a stream;
Some to a Peast, some to a shuttle flung;
Some to a span, some to a tale or song;
Some to a bubble in a showre of rain,
Which soon is up, and soon is out again:
Some to a Cobweb, as soon marr'd as made,
And some to a fair flower which soon doth fade;
All which (with many more) do shew (in brief)
The swift celerity of Man's short life.

38. *Of Man.*

Man's at his birth a poor small red worm sprawling,
A silly slimy creature brought forth brawling;
Man's at his death a pale worm in a sheet,
Wherein worms breed, worms feed, meat for
worms meet.

39. *Of Death.*

Death is the Haven whereat all alive
Must with their voyage good or bad arrive.

Mors ultima linea rerum.

F I N I S.

Roundhead.

I'm clome so high, I fear that I shall fall.

The Wheel of Fortune then, but now by Divine Pro

CAVALLIER ascending, and a

Roundhead.

Loe I'm on top of Fortune's Wheel,
Each minute ready down to reel;
And if the Wheel but once turn round,
I shall lye level with the ground;
Then if I happen to be poor,
I am but as I was before:
For (as some say) the Eagles plumes,
All feathers with them mixt consumes;
So some ill gotten Goods will waste
All others that are with them plac't:
And if the Goods that I did plunder,
Do never prosper, 'tis no wonder,
Nor let there any that do wrong,
Think for to thrive or flourish long.
So from the Church who holds her due,
The same severely after rue;
And such as Sacriledge commit,
Have never good success with it:
For who e're had *Tolossus* Gold
The same unhappily did hold.

Thus God will plague us as we have deserved,
And as we others serv'd, we shall be served.

Per quod quis peccat, per idem punitur & ipse.

For these Verses (which were sent to a Gentleman and mi
Houfe, the Year afore the last great Sie

Place this between

Cavallier.

I look hard for a day shall pay for all.

Providence, (blessed be God for it) whereon was a
and a ROUNDEAD descending.

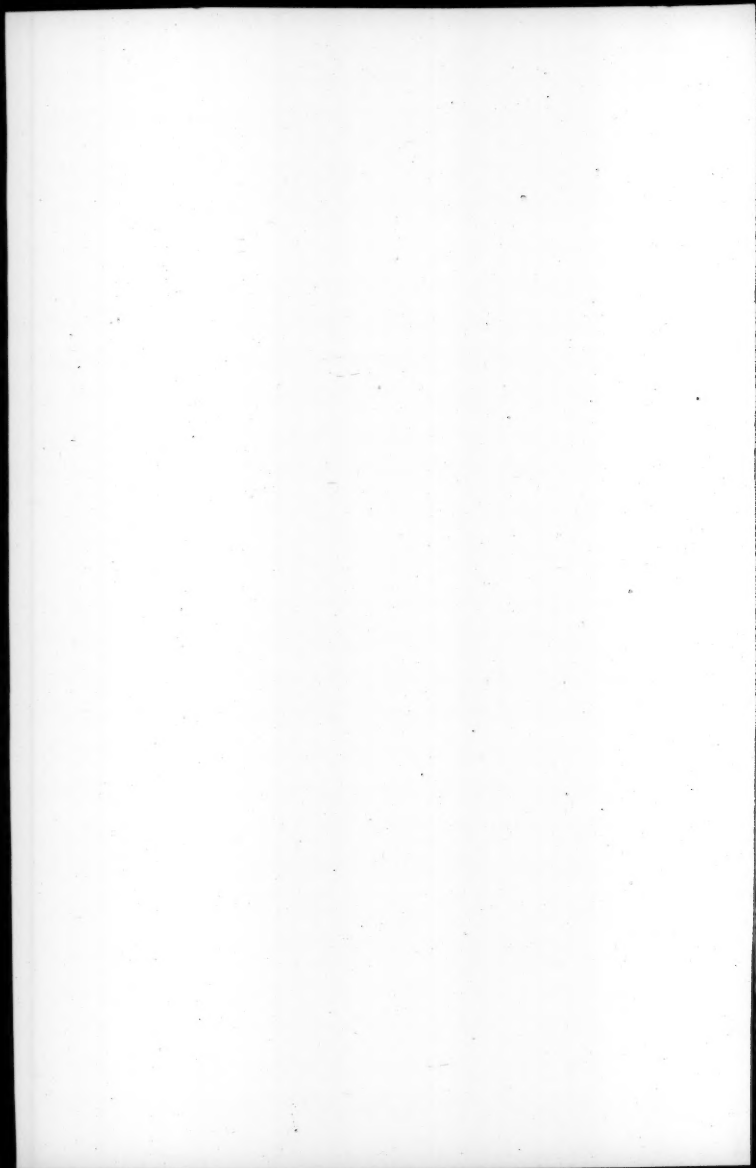
Cavallier.

Loe I'm at Fortune's lowest pitch,
Now very poor, who late was rich ;
Yet as Seas ebb, and flow amain,
As Sun doth set, and rise again ;
As sorrows for a night endure,
So joyes come in the morning sure.
And as God suffer'd once the Devil,
To do good patient *Job* much evil,
For he against him furious mad,
Rob'd him at once of all he had ;
Yet not long after all his trouble,
God added to him all things double :
And what was done (the Scripture saith)
Was but for trial of *Jobs* faith.
So I know my Redeemer liveth,
The Lord is he that takes, and giveth ;
He wounds, he heals, he kills, he cures,
From him comes what ev'r Man endures.
He in due time my pain will ease,
And cause these Civil Wars to cease.

Thus God at length will raise Us from the dust,
Who in him with a steadfast faith do trust.

Heu passis graviora, Deus dabit bis quod finem.

(miscarried) I lay long time in Prison in Marshal Hoptons
Sickness in Shrewsbury. Anno Dom.



A
CABINET
OF
Merry Conceits.

1. *Of the Sun.*

Sit mihi Sol solus.

THe Indians do adore to this day even (ven;
The Sun, and Moon, and all the host of hea-
Ascribing unto these the growth and birth
Of all Oars, Mines, and Mettals in the earth:
Yet *Sol* the chief of Deities they hold,
For by his influence is their precious Gold
In pregnant *Tellus* fruitful womb ingendred,
That *Adammion* of this world so dearly rendred;
The brightness of whose lustre doth so blinde
Some Worldlings eyes, that God they never
minde:

And

And though those Pagans as a God do prize him,
Yet to a Devil some do similize him. *As thus.*

The Devil's term'd in Scripture, *Prince of th' Air*,
And rules three Regions there main large and fair;
And doth not the Sun sway with greater power
Through all those spacious Regions ev'ry hour?
Nay there old *Phæbus* with one eye espies
Far more then he with all his *Argos* eyes.

The Devil can by Gods permissive might
Transform himself into an Angel bright;
And doth not somewhere the resplendent Sun
Do ev'ry day as much, at morn or noon?

Sathan the Earth doth compass to and fro,
And so doth *Sol*, (as all the world doth know)
For he to see us daily doth not cease,
Then goes at night to the *Antipodes*.

The Devil *Lucifer* hath his name right,
Of his distributing and giving light;
And yet a thousand Devils such as he
Cannot give half the light as *Sol* (all see)

That master Devil *Belzebub* of flies,
The Idol God, (for so his name implies
In Hebrew) though of swarms he hath great store
Buzzing about his Off'rings evermore;
Yet *Sol* breeds more of them in one of's Regions
Then he, and of his Devils many Legions;
And did but the Indians note the many evils
Sol them procures, they'd count him worst of de-
vils:
For

For with his scorching beams he daily burns them,
And into the black shape of Devils turns them;
And they do see that onely for their Oare (sore,
They've been by Spaniards plagu'd so grievous
That they confest they'd rather go to hell,
Then unto heav'n with Spaniards there to dwell.
They therefore as a Devil should abhor him,
Rather then as their chiefest God adore him;
And as a fiend they rather should despise him,
Then as their dearest friend so deifie him.

2. *Of the Sun Tavern.*

One staggering out of the Sun Tavern came,
And being far in drink, and out of frame,
A friend him meets and greets, but not a word
This stupefied Sor could him afford;
And if he did, (a wager might be laid)
He would not stand to any thing he said.
His face being foully fleckt, and both his eyes
With drink main red; his friend to him thus cries,
I know where you were late I'll hold a gun;
For your face shews that you were in the Sun.

3. *Of the Moon Inne or Tavern; and of
the Moon in the Eclipse.*

There was an Hoast which the Moon Tavern held,
Cornuto call'd, and there he long time dwell'd;

And

And his Wife's name was *Phæbe*, very rare
 For beauty, and they called their Dog star
Phæbe (according to her name) was light,
 And other the male Planets did delight,
 To visit her, for they'r all giv'n to ranging,
 As *Venus*, and as *Phæbe* are to changing.

The House was set forth in such curious wise,
 It seem'd an heav'n, or earthly Paradise;
 The lower rooms shone with various radiations,
 Caus'd by reflection of some Constellations:
 The Chambers like the spangled Canopy
 Were deckt with stars delightful to the eye:
 The twelve Signs were drawn neatly 'bout the bed,
Cornuto lay, and *Aries* o're his head;
 It chanc'd that *Jove* and *Mars* did both there meet,
Jove with fair *Phæbe*, *Mars* with *Venus* sweet:
Hermes comes in, and askt for *Mars* and *Jove*,
Cornuto told him, they were both above;
 He stealing up there spies out *Mars* and *Venus*
 In amorous embraces *Cruurium tenuis*:
 Goes in another room, and there descries
 Light *Phæbe*, and bright *Jove* betwixt her thighs.
 This brave (quoth he) yet they do but their functi-
 For Planets will be alwayes in Conjunction; (on,
 And I my self (indeed) I needs must say,
 At other times have done as much as they:
 And going to *Cornuto*, askt if he
 The Moon in the Eclipse did ever see.

Cornuto

Cornuto answer'd no ; but he would fain,
Quoth *Hermes* come, and I will shew you plain ;
Let's steal up softly lest the Dog-Star bark,
Peep through that chink, see what's done there in
dark.

He spied, and look'd on *Hermes* very sad,
I've seen a sight (quoth he) makes me horn mad,
I've often heard, but ne're so much did heed
But a man in the *Moon* I saw in deed.
He was in motion there between her hips
And that was sure the cause of the *Eclipse*.

4. Of *Charles Wayne*.

A Gentleman some Neighbours did invite
To his house to sup in a Winters night,
And whilst each one in order told his Tale
About the fire o're a Cup of Ale, (whereat
It chanc'd some bricks came tumbling down,
Afraid, all fell o're one another flat.
And some went out the matter for to see,
Quoth one that then was of the company,
Look, look I pray, do not you see *Charles Wayne*
And the three Horses o're the chimney plain ;
So that its very like some horses hoof
Struck down those bricks that loosely stood aloof,
For if the Wayn it self had then gon o're
It would have batter'd down abundance more ;

And then it's like (for which we've cause to pray)
Not one of us had gone alive away.

5. *Of Galaxia, via lactea, or the milky way in Heaven.*

One asking whence, and upon what occasion
This heavenly Sign had first his appellation;
Another to him merrily reply'd,
That at the latter end of Christmas tide,
The Gods and Goddeses then each with either
Agreeing for to wasse altogether;
Fair *Ganimedes* was by *Joves* command
As messenger dismissed out of hand,
To fetch some milk, who coming back again
With a great bowl, the Dog-star barkt amain;
And he being sore afraid lest it would bite him,
The Moon then being under cloud to light him,
He at a star, for want of light, then stumbled,
And therewith fell, and all the milk down tumbled;
So that e're since that time, till this day even,
Star-gazers call't the milky way in Heaven.

6. *Of Ignis fatuus, commonly call'd,*
VVill of the Wisp.

This *Ignis fatuus* in the darksome night,
With his round rolling eye-deluding light,

Th' amazed traveller leads through bust & brakes,
O're hedge and ditch, through pits, and ponds,
and lakes;

He knows not what to think, or do, or say,
Or whether's better for to go or stay:
And it insatuates so his stupid brain,
He cannot hit the right way home again.

7. Of certain Constellations in Heaven.

One telling that besides the Planets seven,
There's a great number of strange signs in heaven;
As the *Pleiades*, *Charles wain*, *Orion*,
Castor and *Pellux*, *Tyger*, *Dragon*, *Lian*,
Arcturus *Tard*, *Bootes*, *Pellican*,
The *Dolphin*, *Galaxia*, and the *Swan*,
The *Bull* the greater, and the lesser *Bear*,
And the *Dog* star unto them very near;
One hearing him said flat, he'd not believe it,
Although for real truth he out might give it;
Did you e're see or hear, (quoth he) say right,
The *Dog*-star bark, *Bull* roar, or those *Bears* bite.
For in the Moonshine I've oft lookt and waited,
Yet ne're saw *Bull* or *Bear* by that *Dog* baited.

8. Of a falling Meteor.

An Astrologian in a moon-shine night
Taking the altitude of a stars height

With's *Jacob's* staff erected towards the skie,
 It chanc'd a Meteor fell down instantly, (king,
 At which a Countrey Clown a great shout ma-
 His *Jacob's* Staff then for a Crossbow taking,
 Thinking he'd hit a star, unto him saith,
 Thou'rt a brave marks-man, O well shot I'faith.

9. *Of the Shadow of the Gnomon of a Dial.*

Upon the Gnomons shadow if you spie all
 It shews how swift time goes, & we must dye all.

10. *Of the World turn'd round.*

Copernicus did take a world of pains
 Having a whimsie in his whirling brains,
 By strange phantastick Arguments to prove
 The Heav'ns to stand still, and the Earth to move;
 Yet of late dayes his words for truth were found
 For they stood still, and then the world turn'd
 round.

11. *A dark Riddle propos'd to blinde Homer
 by some Fisher-men.*

In Thickets, Groves, and Bushes now and then
 I do pursue my Game with Beagles ten ;
 Those that I catch, of life I do deprive,
 And those I cannot catch I keep alive.

12. Of a Cuckold.

A Citizen of *London*, and his Bride
Sitting at door together in *Cheapside*,
And seeing some acquaintance by them pass,
Being lately where a merry meeting was;
(Quoth he) of Cuckolds yonder I discover
A dozen right, for I did count them over.
(Quoth she) are they so many just, d'e know
—You are an odd man sure in saying so.

13. Another of the same.

A Man and Wife upon the Sea-shore walking,
And merrily to one another talking,
(Quoth he) if Cuckolds all in th' Sea were cast,
A monstrous number would be drown'd at last.
As sure as death there would (she did reply)
Yet therein you speak unadvisedly;
For if you e're desire to see that day
First learn to swim, I hold it the best way.

14. Of two Inns, the Kings-Head, and the Crown.

A Widdower and Widdow liv'd in Town;
He at the *King-Head*, and she at the *Crown*.
It chanc'd they made (the better for to thrive)
Between them a Conjunction Copulative:

Yet (for a while) they being matcht each to either,
 Knew not at which Inne best to live together;
 But seeing the Kings-head and Crowns separation
 Had caused great distractions in this Nation,
 She left her Inne, at his her life to lead,
 And so the Crown came right to the Kings-head.

15. *Of the Watch.*

One got up to make water in the night,
 Felt for a pot, at last on one did light;
 Which he found brimfull underneath some beds,
 And out he casts it on the Watchmens heads;
 We are the Watch, (said they) you're much to
 blame

T'abuse use us so, (but he knew not the same)
 The Watch(quoth he) then you did watch in vain,
 Else you'd escap'd *Zantippes* showre of rain:
 The Proverb now is verified right,
Harm watch, harm catch, for it prov'd so to night;
 The watchmen well appeas'd with this his jest,
 Bids him good night, he wishes them good rest.

16. *Of two fellow Travellers.*

Two old Comrades their fortunes went to try,
 Vowing to one another faithfully
 To hold together whilst that they had breath,
 And ne're to part asunder till their death;

It chanc'd whilst they were in a desert walking,
And there about some serious matters talking,
A furious Bear pursues them eagerly,
Away for safeguard of their lives they flye;
The one (more active) climbs a tree apace,
And th' other (weary) fell down on his face:
The Bear full gorg'd did not then on him pray,
But sented at him, and so went his way:
At length he rises up, but sore afraid,
And he that from the tree came to him, said,
I prethee tell me true, what said the Bear,
Whilst he ev'n now was whispering in thy ear;
Of such a knave he charg'd me to take heed,
That will forsake his friend in his most need.

17. Of a drunken Fidler.

A Fidler playing at a merry meeting,
Was got foul foxt, by fuddling more then sitting;
And casting his Crowd careless on his back,
Forgot to tie the case, but left it slack;
From thence he had not many furlongs gone,
But lost his Crowd, for which he made great moan;
I'm quite undone (he cries) I will go spill me,
For if I e're go home my wife will kill me:
Quoth one that met him fully in the face,
Alas (poor wretch) I pittie thy sad case;
My Case (said he) is not to be lamented,
For here it is, but I'm much discontented:

I've lost my Fiddle, and my Fiddlestick,
Which makes me out of Tune, and very sick.

18. Of two great Travellers, the one Welch,
and the other English.

Gentlemen,

You'l scarce believe when her tells where has been
And what her in her dayes has known and seen.
For her has seen *Plym-hymons* famous mountain,
Whence fair *Sabrina* first derives her fountain;
Which like an Eel creeps wrigling divers wayes,
Until it winde her self into the Seas.

Her was on top of mighty Promentories,
And of them her can tell stupendious stories:
Caverna Castell. Mologolve, Brythen: (then.
Then you may think to heaven that her was nigh
So was her in a *Cave* quite under ground,
The furthest end whereof could ne're be found;
And there her heard some speak a language strange
Which from the worlds foundation ne'r did change
Much like our language which *Comrage* we call,
So old none knows its first original.
Then all that hear her, hence may gather well,
Her once was near to Heav'n, and hard by Hell.
Nay more her saw (though some wil think her jest)
Of Eagles (bright *Apollo's* Birds) a nest.

So her has seen (by Gott her tells no lyes)
Far more then ev'r did *Cesar* with both his eyes.

Well, cousin *Daffee*, has her told out her tales,
Of all that her has known and seen in *Wales*.
For her has gone no further all this while,
Though that her Hearers her would fain beguile.

I've been on *Pymhills* top, main steep and pitch,
And bottom too of the *Castalian* Ditch:
The main strong rais'd *Ronsellian* walls I scall'd,
By the *Rotundoes* late immur'd and pall'd.

I've been on *Mons Gilbert's* large and fair,
Reaching nigh the mid Region of the Air.
So I at *Fons Bituminis* have been,
Which casts forth Pitch, a rare thing to be seen.
If I of all I've seen should tell a Story,
Then *Daffee* would say, I did it for vain glory:
Yet one thing very strange Ile here recite,
Which I till now had ev'n forgotten quite.

I travell'd once to so remote a Land,
That I could with the palm of my right hand
The Cavern stop, from whence the Wind doth blow
And to the self-same place I soon could go.
Nay (*Daffee*) hadst thou been with me, I suppose
Thou might'st have stop't the place then with thy
Nose.

(Quoth *Daffee*) I pray thee say no more; for I
Know now thou tell'st a *Kelwith*, that's a lye.

19. *Of Thieves robbing a poor House:*

Some Thieves unto a very poor House came
 By night, intending for to rob the same ;
 A neighbour at that time who them detected,
 Told them, nothing was there that they expected :
 And laughing said, that they were much to blame,
 And for to rob the Spittle t'were a shame.
 What can ye see at midnight here (I pray)
 For I can here see nothing at mid-day.

20. *Of the Dog in the Manger.*

The Dog will not eat Hay himself, nor suffers
 The hungry Oxe when he to eat it offers :
 So a Miser hoards, but useth not his Gold,
 Nor will let others use it, that fain would.

21. *Of angry Morris.*

Gwen-clean like a truly loving wife,
 Went for to see her *Morris* end his life.
 And when the halter was about his neck,
 She to him call'd, and with hand did beck.
 At length he spying her out, ask'd what she'd have
 Nothing (good *Morris*) onely this her crave,
 That

That her would tell her quickly with all speed,
Tell her, where her shall sowe the Turnup seed :
What turnups, now the Hangman will turn of her;
What a poxs ails her, did her come to scoff her.
Quoth she, no by her troth, her swear and vow,
But her doth see, *Morris* is angry now.

22. *Of a certain uncertain Drunkard.*

'Cause I to speak with thee no sooner came,
Thou on my slackness layest all the blame;
I came not in due time (I needs must say)
Thou shouldst have nam'd some other time of day.
Would I'd come early that same day to thee,
Or the next day as soon as I could see,
In twilight late this matter is begun,
So by thy drunk'ness nothing will be done.

23. *Of Marriners who cast o're Ship-board a
Fryar, to whom they were confessed.*

Whilst swelling waves arise, with blustering storm
And angry seas the wearied ship enorns;
Doubtful devotions in each Sea-mans thought,
Crying out alas, our sins this evil brought.
Of Passengers, there was among the rest
A Fryar, to whom their faults they all confess:

But

But when they saw the Sea no whit asswag'd,
 And that the Ship nigh sunk, so fore it rag'd:
 No news (quoth one) that it to sink begins,
 So laden with the burthen of our Sins.
 Let's cast o're-board this Frier, on whom we lay
 Our Sins, and let him bear them hence away.
 His words are lik'd; he's *Jonah's* like cast o're,
 And straight the Ship went lighter then before.
 Hence learn how heavy our offences are,
 When that a ship their burthen could not bear.

24. *Of one notable Nos'd.*

Stood thy Nose in the Sun, thy mouth ope quite,
 Thy Teeth would tell what time of day 'tis right.

25. *Of a long Nos'd Fellow.*

A witty Wagg invited to a feast,
 Lights of a long Nos'd fool could bear no jeast;
 who said (good friend) if you'l but ope your mouth
 And hold your Nose directly to the South
 Whilst the Sun shines, your Nose may for a Cock
 By your Teeth serve to tell what 'tis a Clock.
 At which the guests began to laugh apace,
 But long Nose was sore vext at the disgrace;
 That both fell to foul words, from words to blows,
 And all the matter of 't was in the Nose.

To make it short, long Nose was beat at length,
For th' other prov'd to have the better strength:
Quoth he, I've Noses cust, broad, stiff, and strong,
Yet nev'r knew any that held out so long.

26. Of a Wry-Nos'd Fellow.

A freight Youth lighted in the company
Of one whose Nose extreamly stood awry;
Quoth he, Sir, I would fain know of what stuff
Your Nose is made (if you'l not tak't in snuff.)
Mine's made (said he) of gristle, flesh, and blood,
And (till't grew wrong) as right as thine it stood.
I think (quoth th' other) thine's no waxen Nose,
Nor is it made of Dowe (as I suppose)
Yet this Ile boldly say, and justifie,
Say what thou wilt, thy Nose is made a Rye.

27. Of a foul Gentlewoman.

A young Man walking after a spruce Lass,
Who just before him on the way did pass;
Lik'd so well of each outward lineament,
That to salute her, he was fully bent.
She being o're-took, her Feature he well eyed,
And finding it but homely, thus replied:
Had I lik'd you as well before, I vow,
As I lik'd you behinde, I'de kist ye now.

The maid thus jeer'd, returns him back his jest ;
Then you may kiss (quoth she) where you like best.

28. *Of an old Gown.*

A ruffling Royster flaunting up and down,
Lights of a Lass, with a rich, but old Gown ;
He tenders her his service at her feet,
With cringes low, and conges neat and meet :
Pardon my boldness (Mistress) 'pray in this,
Your Vestures admir'd hem I prostrate kiss.
For the antiquity thereof, (quoth she)
If that, and onely that, the reason be :
With my Posteriors you may make as bold,
For I am sure that they are full as old.

29. *Of a lusty Lad, and a bonny Lass.*

One met a couple on the high way side,
Who double on a little Titt did ride ;
Quoth he, sweet Sir, and you fair lovely Lass,
Whither I pray ye do ye this way pass ?
She him returns this answer courteously,
Unto a merry Meeting, here, hard by.
He notes the Horse, which then did puff and blow,
Quoth he, I muse poor Titt how thou dost go ;
For thou'rt a huge great knavish load I finde,
But that thou carriest very light behinde.

30. Of a merry Bachelor.

A merry Bachelor commonly would call
 Such as unwedded were, *Good Fellows* all;
 And those for married men that he did know,
 Under the name of *Honest Men* did go.
 It came to pass He himself did wed a wife,
 Whose scolding made him weary of his life;
 Some friends who heard thereof (perchance) did
 meet him,
 And by the name of *Honest man* did greet him.
 Quoth he, as I'me an honest man, that Name
 Doth vex me, yet I'le not deny the same:
 For were I a *Good Fellow* (tell ye plain)
 I ne're would be an *Honest Man* again.

31. Of a bad Half-Crown.

One having a suspected Half-Crown piece,
 Shew'd it his friend, and ask'd him his advise;
 Who view'd it well on both sides in his hand,
 Quoth he, this horse doth on no hillock stand,
 Nor hath it any fetters that I see,
 Yet I can York it otherwise, said he:
 The Man on horse back (as I note him here)
 Resembles right an honest Cavalier,

And

And looks juſt like the Royal King of Scots,
But the Horſe (I doubt) is troubled with the bots:

32. *Of two ſtealers of Hay by night.*

A Barge-man in Hay harveſt late at night,
With weary toilsome labour ſpent out-right,
Creeps in a Cock of Hay quite over head,
And there fell faſt aſleep as in a bed.
Two knaves who us'd to ſteal Hay thither came,
The maſter and his man (whom I could name)
Went fair and ſoftly to ſome Cocks of Hay,
The man takes that wherein the Barge-man lay;
And for to binde it hard he was not ſlack,
But liſting of't it almoſt broke his back.
Quoth he, and ſwore, It weighs the Dev'l and all,
I am ſcarce able with it for to crawl:
So much the better (fool) his maſter ſayes;
For it has in't the more, the more it weighs.
At laſt to a Rail hard by, he him betakes,
And reſts him on't, at which the Bargeman wakes.
Oh! quoth the Bargeman: th' other never ſtays,
But (frighted) throws down all, and runs his wayes.
The Barge-man thought for ſome fault done that
day,
The Devil by night was carrying him away.
Which was worſe fear'd it's hard for to diſcover,
For both were ſore afraid of one another.

33. Of a Neck of Mutton.

One riding on his journey late at night,
Got to his Inn at length, and there did light;
He calls for meat: what th' House did then afford,
Was straightwayes set before him on the board.
A little Neck of Mutton there was found,
With an huge deal of Portage compact round:
He looking on't, begins to doff his clothes,
Unbutton him, and off his doublet throwes.
Some that were by, at his strange humors smil'd,
Others thought surely that he was stark wilde.
Quoth he, to swim this Ocean o're I'll strive,
Till at the Isle of Mutton I arrive.

34. Of a Horse-shoe found.

A Tinker found a Horse-shoe on the way,
Quoth he, 'tis a sign of good luck to day;
He ties it on his one side very fast,
And from thence many paces had not past,
But one shot off a Peece; the Bullet glanc'd,
And hit his Horse shooe right (as then it chanc'd.)
I see (said he) Arms may do good, in case
They'r set but where they should, in the right
place.

35. *Of a Beardless old man.*

One met a fellow in whose wither'd face
 Old age had furrow'd many a wrinkled year;
 Yet made a Balk on's chin which is the place,
 That Nature doth adorn with bushy hair.
 Small Beard replied, I pray you hold your tongue,
 My Beard will come out shortly ere't be long.

36. *Of Conjugal Discord.*

When Man and Wife between them disagree,
 They fitly unto Snails compar'd may be,
 One house, at one time, never holds two Snails,
 Nor man and wife, when each with either rails:
 And when these Snail-like, fet but out their horns,
 They to their neighbours make themselves meer
 scorns.

37. *Of Wars.*

In Musick strings of various tunes agree
 To make one sweet melodious harmony,
 Yet men who play upon them with their hand,
 One with another still a jarring stand,
 Which most displeasing ev'ry way appears
 To God, and Angels, and all good mens ears:

For

For the Devils are the Instruments of jars,
And the base Viols of Gods wrath are wars.

38. Of one that sent a half Cheefe to his
Son at Oxford.

I've sent to you a Moon, not a Sun round,
No circle such can in our Pole be found.

(Tis like it was from the Welch Poole.)

39. Of divers sorts of bad Cheefe.

Cheefe that's snow-white or that hath *Argos* eyes,
Methusalem's years, or *Mary Magdalens* cries:
Or *Eſau's* hairs, or *Lazarus* scabs all o're,
That Cheefe is nought, I love it not therefore.

40. Of Wine mixt with Water.

Thetis and *Bacchus* mixt here in a bowl,
The Goddess mild the mad God doth controul,
Where though the liquor look pure, clean, and fine
The Watrish humour is above the Wine;
The which resembles right some female reaches,
Who as *Viragoes*, love to wear the Breeches.

41. *Of a Watch.*

A Gentleman after his wife deceas'd,
 To marry his Cook-maid his fancy pleas'd;
 To whom he gave a Watch: it chanced so,
 That what a Clock wast by it she would know.
 But how to handle it she skill did lack,
 And thinking on the going of the Jack,
 And dressing meat, (her former place) quoth she
 T' a Servant, here, Winde up this Jack for me.

42. *Of Suspicion.*

Conceit hath a main stroke in matters most,
 Seem but to hurt, though no hurt's done, thou'rt
 lost:
 So the Crotonians did *Philoleon* flay,
 Through false surmise he would the Tyrant play.

43. *Against Astrologers.*

Whilst Astrologians (whom the vulgar error
 Counts Prophets) put th' about thy birth in terror,
 Whilst some Stars fawning, others frowning are,
 Thy wav'ring minde hangs still 'twixt hope & fear;
 If welfare come, 'twill come, do what Stars will,
 And an unlook'd for good, best pleaseth still.

If ill shall hap, unknown, its best of all,
And in mean while make use of what doth fall;
But I do charge thee ev'n in Fate's despite,
To pass the time with pastime, and delight.

44. *Of Eschines the Poet, who calculated
his own Nativity. Inevitable
Fatum.*

The Poet *Eschines* would needs go try,
To calculate his own Nativity;
At length by search he found the day and hour,
When his Birth Planet had prevailing power:
And too soon to his sorrow did decry,
That he a strange disastrous death should dye.
And when the time of this his death drew near,
For to avoid all danger, dread and fear,
He gets up before break of day, to see
If that his Fate prevented so might be;
And sitting bare in open field, remote
From House or Tree: It chanc'd an Eagle got
A Shell-fish, which he found upon Sea-shore,
He mounts the skies, and with it hovers o're
Poor *Eschines* bald Pate, which for a stone
The Eagle took, the Shell-fish down is thrown;
Which from on high descended down again,
Fell right on's Pate, and clove his scull in twain.

45. *Of Harm watch, harm catch.*

A Silly Fly the subtil Spider caught
 In the irritating Web he wrought;
 The Spider eager on the Fly to prey,
 Is caught, and kill'd, e're he could get away;
 So, a pit to dig for others some begin,
 And after they themselves do fall therein.

Hamon a Gallows made for *Mordecai*,
 Whereon himself was hang'd without delay;
 Which to the Proverb fitly giveth place,
Harm watch, harm catch, which comes oft so to pass.

46. *Of a Picture well drawn.*

I've thought oft of thy peece, since I last saw it,
 That any one so to the life could draw it;
 Who looks on it, and then views thee aright,
 (If that he owe not to the Artist spite)
 Will say, no egg to egg can liker be,
 Then that Effigies doth resemble thee.

47. *Another of the same.*

So truly in this Frame, is drawn thy face,
 That its no Frame now, but a Looking-glass.

48. Of a Picture ill drawn.

The Portraiture your Limbner lately drew,
Is liker unto any one then you.

49. Of two remarkable Female Murtherers.

King Herod had his Table stained sore,
So had *Flaminius* his, with humane gore:
Like Minions the like Murthers did procure,
The one a Dancer, th' other was a Whore.
The difference this, the Whore the guilty kill'd;
The guiltless blood was by the Dancer spill'd.

50. Of Herod and Herodias.

Herodias daughter before *Herod* dancing, (cing;
Where she should have displeas'd to please it chan-
He drunk what with love of his Concubine,
And what with height of pride, and heat of wine.
Ask Maid (he said) I've sworn, ask you of me,
If half my Kingdom, I will give it thee.
The leud Girle by her lustful mother led,
Quoth she, then give me here *John Baptists* Head.
The King is sad, and to consent is loath,
But needs he must, thereto ingag'd by Oath.
O murthring mother, stepdame to thy daughter;
whom thou train'st up to dance, & men to slaughter

O faithfuf King, too faithfuf thou herein
Hadst thou been perjur'd, less had been thy sin.

51. *Against Wives.*

Amongst all mortall Creatures Nature sent,
Most men cry out, that nothing then these Wives
Doth them more vex, perplex, and discontent,
And make them all more weary of their lives.
Thus each one sayes (he but sayes) for he matches,
And when he's buried six the seventh he chatches.
It seems then they'r bewitching needful evils,
At best fair Angels, and at worst foul Devils.

52. *Another against the same.*

A Wife is irksome, yet may useful be
Would she dye quickly, and leave all to thee.

53. *Of one that had a bad Wife, past comparison.*

Friend thou'lt a bad wife alwayes, if thou beat her,
She's worse; but worst if you do well intreat her:
But she'd be good would she dye, better lickly,
Dyed she thou living; best would she dye quickly.

54. *Against men twice married.*

Who having buried one Wife, weds again,
He swims twice shipwrackt in the Ocean main.

55. *Of*

55. *Of a Widdomers Resolve.*

I once on seas, now safely got to shore,
Nev'r mean to venture shipwrack any more.

56. *Against drinking Healths.*

Of drunken healths the more there's in your belly,
The less health you'l have after I can tell yee;
A thousand such healths fall unto your share.
And much good do't ye, I for one health care:
Its health to drink no health in any kinde,
No true health in a drunken health I finde;
For divers drinking healths have sicker grown,
So minding others health, quite lost their own.

57. *A good Resolve for Health.*

A reserv'd Gentleman that late refused
To drink the Kings Health, thus himself excused;
I'll pray for th' Health of my dread Sovereign,
And for mine own, all other Healths refrain.

58. *Another of the same.*

I'll drink to you no Healths, but wish you many;
A dry Health is the healthiest Health of any.

59. *The dangerous Gradation of a
Drunkards Cup.*

1. The first Cup's for necessity indeed,
 2. The second more for pleasure, then for need ;
 3. The third for neither, but for meer excess ;
 4. The fourth inebriates him with drunkennels.
 5. The fifth makes him a quarrelling to keep ;
 6. The sixth doth set the stupid Sot asleep :
- And if he lies and dyes in that strange fashion,
Its to be fear'd he has drunk his own damnation.

60. *How Roaring first came up in fashion.*

The first that I ev'r heard of to this hour,
That brought up Roaring, was about the Tower,
By a bonny bouncing, Roaring Megg of note,
Who'd a bold brazen face, and monstrous throat:
For twenty Barrels could not overcharge
Her huge vast pregnant belly, 'twas so large ;
And when she was discharg'd, she then did roar,
You might have heard her thirty miles and more.
The droufie Lions hearing this, awak'd,
And rous'd, they roar'd, until the Tower shak'd :
The Bears at *Paris-Garden* hearing plain
The Lions roar, they likewise roar'd again.
At the Bears roaring (as it doth appear)
The Organist at th' *Globe* could not forbear

With

: With his melodious deep-mouth'd noise, from
bawling;

Nor could be kept the Children from Squaling:
So that ev'r since that din, and hideous noise,
There's ev'ry where a Rout of Roaring Boyes;
And when these meet, they'l have their guns about
them,

And reason good, they cannot roar without them.
And if they drink not Healthst' our *Charlemaine*,
Let them nev'r meet, nor drink, nor roar again.

61. *A Jeer on a Servant.*

One took some Flyes out of a Cup, and when
He himself had drunk, he put them in agen:
My reason is (quoth he) to tell thee true,
I love not Flyes, but may be some here do.

62. *A good decorum to be observ'd in
drinking of Sack.*

In drinking Sack you may observe this gage,
Look on it, when you'r twenty years of age.
At thirty smell it, but thereat not stay;
At forty, taste a sip, and so away.
At fifty, drink it, but excess refrain:
But when you are sixty, pour it down amain;
For jovial Sack with heat doth Youth inrage,
And it revives cold blood, in dull old Age.

63. *Of Bibulus, an incurable Drunkard.*

The Doctor blear-ey'd *Bibulus* did advise
 To forbear Wine, lest that he lost his eyes ;
 His Doctor he (with much ado) obeyes,
 And wholly Wine forbears for certain dayes.
 But after thirsting when the Wine he mindes,
 Gets out, and true the Doctors words now findes :
 And coming to the Wine, thus to his Eyes
 (Even almost lost for want thereof) he cries,
 Now ye my trusty Eyes that brought me hither,
 Drink and adieu, both my sweet guides together,
 His taste and smell are gone, the colour quite
 Of Wine begins to fail, so doth his sight :
 Yet for this loss, it somewhat eas'd his minde,
 That he'd not left one drop of it behinde.

64. *Of the Signes of Bacchus and Venus.*

Why hath not lovely *Venus* her fair Sign,
 As well as drunken *Bacchus* God of Wine ;
 Since she as commonly is set to sale,
 In Town and Countrey, as Wine, Beer, or Ale.

Answer.

But who knows in what mode she should be drest,
 To please so many various fancies best,

She

She in *Apollo's* Temple (as 'tis said)
Just at the entring in was thus portray'd;
On th' one side looking smiling, chearful, glad,
On th' other melancholly, dull, and sad: (wit,
In which strange draught was shew'd a world of
For first and last her humours right did fit.

Some drew her rich attir'd, young, fresh and fair,
With smiling countenance, and curled hair;
And two Doves by her both together billing,
Which shews to kiss and clip she's ever willing.

Some like her lively naked drawn, like Truth,
A form best liking lustful-wanton youth:
But of all others that form should be slighted,
Because in Lying she's so much delighted;
For of her sex of old it hath been said,
Believe no Woman, no not when she's dead. (her

Some think her drawn with naked breasts doth sit
Whilst *Cupid* aims with bowe and shaft to hit her:
And of this Pourtraicture a many like,
For she will stand, if any one will strike.

And some will have her drawn half in, half out,
Within a River, tickling of a Trout:
For they alike (as Fisher-men can tell ye)
Love to be grop'd, and tickled 'bout the belly.

The Courtier likes her drawn in her black beaver,
With her neat Ostrige-Plume, and flanting feather;
In her silk Gown, or sattin, richly deight,
With her fine linens starch'd, pure clean & white.

And with light corks under her heels, which shew
She's light from head to heel, from top to toe.

The Countrey Clown would have her drawn,
and put,

Sitting astride, like *Bacchus* on a Butt;
Crying aloud, her ware for to discover,
Spigots and Fancets, one within another:
Shewing to all, that to her will approach,
She has a Butt ready for to set a broach.

The Inn-holder would have her naked stand,
Holding of an Hay-bottle in her hand:
And most like wondrous well of this conceit,
For't shews she's both for horse & man good meat.

Yet some do hold it were not much amiss,
To mode her in the form that *Fortune* is:
For they are very like in each degree,
As th' one is blinde, so th' other cannot see.
As th' one is ever wav'ring like the winde:
So th' other most inconstant all do finde.
As th' one assists all such as boldly venter:
So th' other helps such as a Sconce dare enter
In the low Countreys. So both jump in this,
That no faint heart did ev'r fair Lady kiss.
As th' one no idle persons can abide:
So th' other none who 're not well occupied.

Take of these dressings which ye think the neatest,
Yet she can paint her self the most compleatest.

65. Of a Girl who feigned a Rape.

A Youth (by chance) alone espied a Lass,
Thinking the place fit for his purpose was;
He hugs her to him forcibly with kisses,
Aiming lasciviously at further blisses.
She struggles with him, and most angrily,
Prest the strict Law, that Ravishers should dye.
Yet he persists, prick'd on with lustful heat,
By fair intreats to gain her, or by threat:
She won by fair means, nor by foul; apace
Cries out, kicks, bites, and scrats him by the face.
The Youth with wrath inrag'd, as much as lust,
(Quoth he) and wilt thou be a Bedlam just:
Now by this Sword (and drew't out thereupon)
Lie fair, and hold thy peace, (or I'll begone)
She straight yields, of that sad word sore afraid;
Then do, yet still I'me done perforce, she said.

66. Of Mars and Venus.

Stout warlike *Mars* doth wear a waving feather,
So doth fair lovely *Venus* altogether;
It's like light *Venus* her light feather wears,
In token of the love to *Mars* she bears:
So a large feather is by *Vulcan* born,
But it's but a Bull-feather, that's a horn.

67. *Of a Cuckold.*

When that the wife doth wrong her wedlock bed,
Why wears the man the horns? 'cause he's the head

68. *Of Hector dying.*

Cast me out dead (ye Grecians) any where,
For Hares the corpse of a dead Lion fear.

69. *Of Zisca dying.*

Brave *Zisca* a Bohemian Captain stout;
Did terrifie his foes all round about;
Yet Death whom none besides could foil in field,
At last made this undaunted Champion yield,
But note his brave Resolve; ev'n at his death,
For when that He must needs resign his breath,
He charg'd His Souldiers that He would be flay'd,
His Skin drest, and thereof a Drums-head made;
That an Alarm he might be ever giving
To's foes, when he was dead, as when was living.

70. *Of a Dwarf.*

Thou Pygmy, lest some Crane catch thee away
In midst of th' Town, it's best for thee to stay.

Another

71. Another of the same.

Poor Perpusil t' avoid all mortal strife,
In a small Spinners Cob web ends his life.

72. Of Mizaldus.

Mizaldus was so light (as stories say)
That he with ev'ry winde was born away:
And to prevent his falling in the street,
He still wore leaden soles under his feet.

73. Of a foul Doudy.

Nigra, who saith thou'rt brown doth judgement
No, no, thou art not brown, for thou'rt cole black;
Cole black, said I; no, thou'rt as black as ink,
For thou'rt in each brown paper heart soon sink.
As ink, said I; no, thy smooth jet complexion,
If touch'd, attracts the view of each affection.
As jet, said I; no, thou'rt as black as pitch,
Who fingers thee, cannot his hands thence twitch.
Thou passest all (I speak it for no evil)
For thou'rt (indeed) as black as is the Devil.

74. Another.

Nan's like a Swan, both without and within,
Her Cloches milk-white, and Cole black is her skin.

75. Of a most exquisite lovely Lady.

Sweet lovely Lady, fairer far then *Flora*,
 Purer then th' Air, and fresher then *Aurora*,
 Neater then *Mars*, and then *Cynthia* brighter,
 Thy skin more soft then down of Swan, & whiter;
 The curled purled tangles of thy hair,
 Are then *Arachne's* twine, more small, more fair:
 Thy milde & serene front, and smooth-like brow,
 Like pure white polished Ivory doth shew.
 Corruscant beams dart from thy piercing eyes,
 Thy blue veins clearer then the azure skies;
 The commixt colours of thy cheeks encloses
 The peruse lillies, and vermillion roses.
 Thy coral lips to kisses sweet entices,
 Thy breath more fragrant then th' Arabian spices.
 Thy Paps like snowie hillocks do appear,
 In midst thy nipples like two rubies clear.
 The air proceeding from thy quavering tongue,
 Is like th' harmonious *Syrrens* charming song.
 Thy hands milk white, thy fingers long and slender,
 Thy nails thereon like pearls, pure, neat & tender.
 Thou canst indigitate all Instruments
 Of various sorts, to curious sweet contents.
 Thou with a fluent tongue can discourse neatly,
 Canst conjei, cringe and complement compleatly.
 Thy feet to busick neatly thou advancest,
 By fine altered motions when thou dancest!

In fine, thou'rt an accomplisht Lady right,
In absolute Perfection of delight.
Happy those lips who've favour but to kiss thee,
The Earth's glad t' enjoy thee, and Heav'ns sad to
miss thee.

And if he happy be, whom thou but kissest,
Then he's most blessed whom in bed thou blissest.

76. Of the City of London.

London, that chief Metropolis of State,
In the County of *Middlesex* is situate;
And such as are of Middle-sex are neither
Right male, or female, but are both together:
No marvel then, if they in that late brawl
Were Newters, right Hermophradical.

77. Of a Wedding Ring.

It was a custome in the times of old,
The Groom to give his Bride a Ring of gold.
I hold it fitter that the Bride should bring hers,
And put it on the long't of the Groom's fingers.

78. Of the same. The Bride.

I have a Ring that's right, then do not linger,
On trial t'will best fit your longest finger.

79. *Of one who married three Wives,
and never a good one.*

Thy two wives dead, thou didst the third wife mar-
Yet none of all the three but did miscarry : (ry,
Wherefore thou dost not onely at them chide,
But condemn'd the whole Female Sex beside.
Yet wouldst thou but this matter weigh aright,
Thou towards them wouldst mitigate thy spite :
For seeing they were all three alike inclin'd,
E'vn from thy birth, thy Fates thee them assign'd.
If then thy birth hath destin'd thou shalt be
A Cuckold, how should thy wife hinder thee.
T'another she'd bin chaste, that with thee's naught
So on thy Fates she rightly layes the fault.

80. *Of a very light one.*

Wert thou as swift of foot, as light in minde,
An Hare in open field thou'dst turn and winde.

81. *Of lavish Largus.*

Largus sold lately all his Lands away,
And on a sudden fell into decay ;
He was ingenious, and industrious too,
But when that Fortune frowns, all will not doe.

For

For he chang'd clods of clay main cunningly,
For good red gold, yet does not thrive thereby.

82. Of ones Portraiture exquisitely drawn.

Festus is mpte, his Picture meditates,
It hits him right, he right it imitates.

83. Of Homers *Iliads*.

When that blinde *Homer* wrote about the jars,
Caus'd by the Grecian, and the Trojan Wars;
He may b'excus'd if lies he then did frame,
For he was no eye-witness of the same.

84. Of *Socrates*, and his wife *Zantippe*.

Grave *Socrates*, whom former learned Ages
Voted the wisest of the seven Sages,
Had to his wife a most notorious scold,
Zantippe nam'd, (as Histories have told.)
This *Socrates* invited to a feast,
Some of his friends, to Dainties of the best;
But they were somewhat long at Disputation,
As was th' Athenian Academick fashion.
At last he brings them, whom he did invite,
In part some former kindness to requite;
And bids them welcom, wishes them sit down;
But she at him doth rail, on them doth frown.

Thou great Foolofficer, what, must I stay
For thee, and thy Foolofficers, all day:

'Twere a good deed, for that which ye do call
Conspire, to make ye kiss the Hares-foot all,
Pray look here. All the meat bak'd, roast, & boil'd,
By your long staying at Conspire is spoil'd:
But he to answer her did not desire,
Knowing t'would adde but fuel to the fire:

They fall too, and whilst she doth scold and curse,
Their meat they season with most sweet discourse.
But she for fullness would neither eat,
Nor bid them welcome, whilst they were at meat.

So dinner being ended, he and they
Each other resalute, and go their way:

Which she observing, ran up stairs apace,
And searching here and there in ev'ry place,
Lights of a Piss-pot underneath a bed,
And threw it fully on her Husbands head.

'Tis brave (quoth he) by Jove I look'd for this,
Nor had I fear'd for't had it not been piss:

For after fearful thundring we see likly
A mighty shewre of rain doth pour down quickly.

85. Of two hot Fellows, at a cold
Custard.

A company of Countrey Bumpkins takes
Each one his sweet heart to the merry Wakes;
Where

Where they had curds and cream before them set,
 Fritters and Tannies, good as e're was eat;
 And curious Cakes which had of fruit great store,
 Choice Sillabubs with sugar bill'd all o're,
 And many other Cates exceeding dainty,
 Whereof the Countrey can afford great plenty:
 Amongst all which a Custard they had got,
 Which look'd but cold, yet was it monstrous hot.
 One clapt a spoonful in his mouth, there turn'd it
 Oft up and down; but it so extremely burnt it,
 That with the heat thereof it caus'd apace,
 The very tears to crickle down his face.
 Which one of his fellows noting, ask'd him why
 He that so late did laugh, so soon did cry.
 I weep (quoth he) to think that the last meat,
 A friend of mine (going to be hang'd) did eat,
 Was a cold Custard. Pish, and is that all,
 The other said, Come, Sir, let's to it fall.
 So seoups a spoonful, which burnt him so sore,
 He cry'd as fast as the other did before.
 A mischief on't (quoth he) I'me burnt extreame,
 With that accursed Custard, and scald'd Cream;
 But I'me most vexed (since euer didst belye him)
 That when thy friend was hang'd, thou'st not
 hang'd by him.

86. *Of two Tallow Chandlers.*

Two neighbour Chandlers at an Alehouse met,
 And having Pots and Pipes before them set;
 Amongst a deal of speech that then they had,
 At last they fell in talk about their Trade.
 Quoth one of them, I've Candles burn so pure,
 Light one & shall a long winters night endure;
 And they for colours are so curious rare,
 That with the Rain-bow, they may well compare.
 Pish, quoth the other, who e're notes but mine,
 Will say, they purely without sparkling shine;
 No wasteful thief doth keep them company,
 Nor can he finde the least mote in their eye;
 But chiefly he that heeds what light mine cast,
 And for what long continuance they do last;
 Will say, my woe surmounts your best as far,
 As doth the Moon an ordinary Star.
 For light but one on Monday, fix it fast,
 It burning still to the weeks end shall last;
 And though you think this like a Lye doth sound,
 Yet I will prove it true. He lay ten pound.

87. *Of a Black Smith's shop.*

A merry fellow came to a Smith's shop,
 And wish'd him (then main close at work) to stop.

I will not stop (quoth he) I tell thee plain,
Not for the great *Mogoll*, nor King of *Spain*.
Quoth th' other, if thou knew'st as much as I,
Thou wouldst leave off thy work immediately.
There's one now with thy Wife subagitating,
What then (quoth he) I pre thee hold thy prating;
I'll have my heat out, let them too't and spare not,
If all such whores & rogues were hang'd I care not

88. Of four sorts of our gracious King
Charles the Second's Friends.

There are four sorts of our Kings seeming Friends,
And all for their own by sinister ends.

1. The first, because he cannot drink refrain,
Doth drink Healths often to his Sovereign.
2. The next addicted much to ban and swear,
Would thereby thought to be a Cavallier. (them)
3. The third sort for their King bears Arms about
A good cause why: they cannot live without them.
4. The fourth, under pretences specious fair,
Is late turn'd for their King to fall to prayer.
Yet though these al do thus, drink, swear, fight, pray
They'r not right for our King, I'll boldly say.

89. Of Fucus.

Fucus by long use, having cunning gain'd,
Two Seeds on purpose, of two natures train'd.

For th' one, a Fowl for swiftness could surpass,
 And th' other was more slow then any As,
 He sends to wars the one, that was so slack,
 E're sound of Trumpet th' other brings him back,
 There's many such have horses slow, and swift,
 For their own special ends, as a dead life.

90. Of the Fox sore sick, and the Lion.

Whilst that the Fox lay sick within his hole,
 A loving Lion came for to condole
 His woful case, for so it did appear,
 He was in a foul case that stunk for fear.
 The Lion said, I pray thee Fox be sweet,
 For sending thou wast sick, I came to greet
 And make thee whole, which I shall do ere long,
 If I do once but lick thee with my tongue.
 Dread Sovereign, I'me not worthy to be lick'd
 But from your Graces favour to be kick'd,
 For Sequester-like, in Town and City,
 I've plundered all their Poultry without pity,
 There's not a Turkey, Goose, Cock, Hen, nor Duck,
 But from them sometime I've plume'd and pluck'd,
 For which this sickness fell upon me sure,
 An Epidemick Curle who can endure
 With a quotidian Fever I am troubled,
 And since your Grace came here my pain's

Your sight did fright me quite out of my wits,
And put me in these quaking, shaking fits.
If that thy fits come thick, I'll not deceive thee,
It's a sure sign that they'll the sooner leave thee:
Then let me tell thee once more, I'll assure thee,
If that my tongue but lick thee, it will cure thee.
O let this fit (good Doctor) first be past!
And your Receipt (if needs) I'll take at last.
For with your harmless tongue I finde no fault,
But doubt some neighbors near it, for they'll laugh

Dr. Of coy Phillis.

Kiss me thrice *Phillis*, if you will not thrice;
Kiss me as oft as you have lips, that's twice:
You'll give, and take one onely kiss, not twain;
Take your own Back, or give me mine again.
Well, well, niece *Phillis*, seeing you'll not pollute
Your pure lips with profane, I'll cease my suite.
Yet though you're coy to kiss in open view,
In private you will kiss, and smuggle too.

Dr. Of two Brothers, the one careful, the other careless.

There was a widow had two sons, the one
A painful Bee, the other a dull drone;

For th' one was us'd to rise at break of day,
 The other, long time ev'ry morning lay.
 It fortun'd that the earlier riser found
 A purse, whilst he was walking o're their ground.
 He brought it home, and gave it to his mother,
 Who went and shew'd it to his sluggish brother.
 Look here (quoth she) what good luck hath bested
 Thy brother, whilst thou'rt lurking in thy bed.
 He being by his mother thus upbray'd,
 Laught thereat heartily, and to her said;
 Who ever lost it, wishes out of doubt,
 That he had kept his bed, and not gone out.

93. *Of two Maid-servants falling out
 at a Conduit.*

Two Servants at a Conduit fell out sore,
 And call'd each other arrant quean and whore.
 At last from words they fell to kicks and spurns,
 To bite and scratch, and all about their turns:
Robin the Devil (for some so him call'd)
 And *Bate*, both neighbours, whilst they fought
 and brawl'd,
 Stood looking on, and thought it pretty sport,
 To see them fight in such unseemly sort.
 One wisht that *Bate* would part them. No, quoth he
 Now let the Devil part them both for me.

94. Of two Night-walkers.

Two Pot-companions walking late at night,
Th' one well to live, but th' other foxe out-right:
It chanc'd that both turn'd to a Conduit side,
From whence the water dribbling still did glide.
Quoth he that first had done (my loyng friend)
Come let's be gone, I pray thee make an end.
(He that was foxe, of th' Pipes dropping nev'r wist,
Thinking (whilst it so dropt) he had still pist)
I, when Gods pleasure is, (to th' other said)
I have not ended yet, and there still staid.
The sober said, come now or I'le begone.
I, when Gods pleasure is, I'le come anon.
Why then farewell: and there he left to stay,
(*I, when Gods pleasure is*) till break of day.

95. Of a large Promiser, and slow Performer.

Some Mariners by *Eolus* wind's commotion,
In danger great of Shipwrack on the Ocean,
Did invoke their most affected Saints,
And to them made their prayers and complaints.
Among the rest, one on this said occasion,
Did make a solemn vow, and protestation,
That he would offer to the Virgin *Mary*,
(If she to Land him safe and sound would carry)

A fair *Wax-Candle* full as big, and vast
 In length and thickness, as the ship's main-mast.
 One hearing him thus vow, thereat did storm,
 And swore 'twas more then e're he could perform.
 Peace fool (quoth he) if I come safe to ground,
 I'll make her glad of one of nine i'th' pound.

96. *Another of the same.*

The mountains travell'd as they'd burst in sunder,
 At last comes forth a mouse, was't not a wonder?

So the Ocean main did travel long, at last
 A silly shrimp upon the shore was cast.

97. *Of the uncertainty of Life.*

If thou knew'st certain that thou shouldst not live
 To a weeks end, thou wouldst weep, wail, & grieve:
 Yet being uncertain for to live a day,
 Yea, not an hour, how canst thou sport and play.

98. *Another.*

I not console the dead, but those who're living,
 To whom the fear of death, gives cause of grieving.

99. Of two Beggars, the one blinde, or
the other lame.

The Fates to two poor wretches shew'd great spite
This they depriv'd of feet, and that of sight;
These both well matcht, the blinde the lame fir-
stains,
So both their grievance ease with mutual pains.
This where he would, with th' others eye goes so,
That what he would, with th' others feet doth view

100. Of the same otherwise

There's nothing better then a faithful friend,
Who may thee comfort in thy losses lend:
The blinde and lame, both Beggars, do agree,
And enter in firm league of Amity,
To help each others feeb' infirmities, (eyes)
The one with lame feet, and th' other with blinde
The blind man bears the lame mans legs on's back,
The lame mans eyes the blinde man doth not lack
Weak force united helps much now and then,
These two imperfect, make one perfect man.
True love in great Kings Courts but seldom stays,
When in poor simple Cottages it sways.

A Beggar with a huge horn at his side
Did beg drink for himself, and for his bride

101. *Of a Blinde and Lame man that found
an Oyſter on the High-way.*

A blinde man bearing a lame man abroad,
It chanc'd they found an Oyſter on the road:
That one ſhould have it, neither would agree,
Nor yet to part it, would well pleaſed be.
The blinde man ſaid, 'twas found by help of's feet,
Nor ſo, the lame alledg'd, but by his ſight.
So arguing a long time each with either,
At laſt they thus concluded both together;
That the next perſon which on that way came,
Should wholly arbitrate and end the ſame.
And as things oft-times ſtrangely come to paſs,
So th' next which that way came, a Lawyer was.
They ope to him the Caſe, and tell him, He,
To end that ſtrife, the onely man muſt be.
He ope the Oyſter, eats it up, and calls
Them wrangling fool, and then returns the ſhells.
Such ſubtil ſleights by Lawyers oft are caſt
On Clients, who have nought but ſhells at laſt.
You ſhall have Coſts and Charges they'll pretend,
When as you'll finde but meer ſhells in the end.

102. *Of a Bedlam.*

A Bedlam with a huge horn at his ſide,
Did beg drink for himſelf, and *Bef* his bride.

Th

Th' Hoast gave him drink, & askt how long he had
A wife, (quoth *Tom*) e're since I first was mad;
Th' Hoast ask'd him then how long the Horn he
carried,

Quoth *Tom* I think e're since I first was married:
But did thy madness from those thoughts proceed?

Quoth *Tom* they did, Sir, Sir they did indeed:
And did but others know the Horns they had,
They would as I, be Bedlam-like horn-mad.

103. Of one who lay all night on the ground.

One who had lain all night on the hard ground,
Rising, under his back a feather found;
He makes most sad complaints, and heavy mones;
And cries out, O my sides, my back, my bones:
I wonder how such can sleep quietly,
Who on whole beds of feathers use to lye;
For I who had but one under my back,
All night no ease, nor any rest could take.

104. Of the Fox and the Wolf.

A Fox got out before the break of day,
And questing up and down to finde his prey,
Lites on a deep Well in a Countrey Town,
Which had two buckets that went up and down,
The Fox expecting somewhat there to finde,
Leapt in the one, which soon him down did winde:

But finding nought, was there with grief confounded,

Being hungry, cold, and wet, and well nigh drow-
ned.

The Wolf more eager then the Fox of prey,
Hies hot-foot after him without delay;
And coming to the Well, casts down his eyes,
Where the Fox fishing for some frogs he spies;
Reynold, what dost thou there. (Quoth he) of fish,
I've here great store, as good as heart can wish.
Say'st so, sweet Cuss; but how shall I get thither,
Leap in that bucket, and thou'lt soon come hither.
So leaps into't, the wheel turns round amain,
Which brings him down, and Reynold up again.
As soon as he was there he did begin
To tread for Eels, but could not finde a fin.
Ah! I see Reynold, I am now betray'd,
There's no truth in the words that thou hast said.

And now I call to minde the horrid crimes,
And bloody deeds, I've done at several times;
The fawns, foals, calves, pigs, kids & harmless lambs
The Rams and Ewes, their tender fires and dams,
Which I have murder'd without all remorse,
But now for all, with me they'l take a course.
All these do wound and gall my guilty soul,
Which I alas, do here too late condole:
Nay, I've done worse then these an hundred fold,
But now they'l plague me for the new and old.

I sure enough (quoth Fox) thy woful case
 I do lament, being lately in thy place.
 Then after me there's none made inquisition,
 There sink or swim, none pittied my condition,
 But onely thee (Cuss Wolf) my faithful friend,
 For whom I'm bound to pray till my lives end.
 Ah me! (quoth th' Wolf) what shall I do, for I
 With cold and hunger here am sure to dye,
 Unless some draw me up, and then they'l hang me
 Most cruelly, if that they do not hang me.
 Cuss Wolf, I see some coming; now adieu,
 I must be gone for fear they'l hang me too.

This the worlds course in Countrey & in Town;
 One's rising up, and others falling down:
 And so the quondam case just like appears,
 Between the Rounheads and the Cavalliers.

105. *Of one staying over long for Water.*

A Servant staid too long at fetching water,
 Her Dame main hot, and angry at the matter,
 Said (out of doubt) she's gone for it to Hell,
 And there for ever she does mean to dwell.
 One standing by, and hearing her say so;
 Said, of all places, thither she'd not go,
 Unless the Devil were in her liminally,
 Because that Well's main deep, and deadly dry;

For when for water *Dives* there did long,
He could not get one drop to cool his tongue.

106. *Of Rotundo.*

Rotundo in the woods hid certain Chests,
Paus'd, and at tokens of the place he gets;
As soon as on a tree he spy'd a Rook,
Hang'd there (quoth he) I need no further look;
But store of marks deceiv'd him coming back,
For not a tree his tokens then did lack.

107. *Of Sim Simpleton.*

Sim wedding of a wife, thought sure to light
Of the strait way that led to Heaven right;
But at the entring he (too late) could tell,
He was in the broad way that led to hell:
For he the gate found open, large, and wide,
And elbow-room enough on either side:
Sym lik'd the way, for proving smooth and easie,
Should seem the simple Sot lov'd to be lazy.

108. *Of Cardinal Bellarmine.*

Bellarminus; *quasi*, *Bella*, *arma*, *mina*.

Who but the name of *Bellarmino* conceits,
Will finde it intimates, Wars, Arms, and threats:
And

And so resembles right the Roman Church,
Who for Wars, Arms and Threat still lies in lurch.
Instead whereof (their great *Goliath* stout)
And his huge host of Philistines to rout,
Like *Davids* (pleasing to Gods eyes and ears)
Let our meek Churches Arms be Pray'rs and tears.

109. Of one Swan a Taylor.

One *Swan* had Pressing Irons great and small,
Which Geese all Taylors commonly do call.
His Geese on Silks and Sattens graz'd so fast,
They left but a small remnant at the last.
Though's Geese were like unto another mans,
Yet I can prove that all his Geese were *Swans* .

110. Of Oliver the Great, and Mr. Peters
the Apostate.

That proud usurping *Oliver* the great,
Who once sate *Phaeton* -like in *Phæbus* seat;
Took coach on purpose for his recreation,
Attended on with great solemnization.
 Peters being one of that perfidious train,
It chanc'd an unexpected showre of rain
Fell suddenly, which wet them grievous sore,
Great *Oliver* his Coach boot looking o're,

Call'd *Peters*, and did wish him take his Coat,
 (Which was a mighty favour you may note)
 But he his proffer wittily refused,
 And humbly pray'd, therein to be excus'd;
 Saying, *I would not my Lord* (though I'me nigh
 drown'd)

Be in your Coat, Sir, for a thousand pounnd.
 Which he fear'd; for the times straightway alter'd,
Peters with others, was hang'd, drawn, & quarter'd.

III. *Of three Oxford Scholars, and
 an ancient Gentleman.*

Three *Oxford* Scholars to a Tavern came,
 A while for to make merry at the same;
 And finding there one stricken far in years,
 Did set upon him all with flouts and jeers.
 The first man said, that to salute him came,
 God save ye good old Father *Abraham*;
 The second with a pretty conjei meets him,
 And with God save ye Father *Isaac*, greets him;
 The third to jeer him in the self-same guise,
 God save ye good old Father *Jacob*, cries.
 Th'old man thus flouted by them altogether,
 Sayes, I'm not *Abraham*, *Isaac*, *Jacob* neither,
 Wherefore forbear your flouts I you do wish,
 For I indeed am *Saul* the Son of *Kish*,
 Who for to seek my Fathers Asses came
 From far, and here have found three of the same.

112. *Of two Lovers, and their Sweet-heart.*

Two Younkards chanc'd to get a pretty Wench
Between them at a private Alchonse Bench,
And that because they could not have her both,
And for to part with her were very loth;
They to fall out about her did begin,
Because that neither with her could fall in;
So that at last they fell from words to blowes,
And out one of them in a fury goes,
Saying to th' other, if thou dar'st come here
I vow I'll give thee a good box on th' ear.
But he that was within said, tell thee true
I'll not come out if thou wouldst give me two.

113. *Of a new born Babe dying.*

I dyed as soon as in the world I came,
Depriv'd of Baptism and without a Name;
In Book of life then nameless me record,
For my hope's onely in thy Name (O Lord.)

114. *Another of the same.*

When I was born, I had a full intent
To stay a while, but noting how all went
In these sad times, the clean contrary way,
With very grief I could no longer stay.

115. *Of an old Woman.*

A poor old woman went to gather sticks,
 T' a wood hard by, and there a burthen picks ;
 And thinking on the aches, griefs, and pains,
 The cold and hunger daily she sustains ;
 The losses, crosses, troubles she is sure,
 (Though that her time be short) for to endure.
 She wisht for Death, and for him (oft) did call,
 That he would come, and free her from them all.
 Death as a ghost new risen from the grave,
 Comes to her straight, & ask'd her what she'd have
 She at his apparition quakes and trembles,
 Yet cunningly at present thus dissembles.
 Nothing Death now : thine help I onely lack,
 For to heave up these Sticks upon my back.

116. *Of snuffing a Lanthorn light.*

A very wag went in a winter night,
 From a hang'd Lanthorn for to steal the light ;
 And reaching to't, a servant tardy caught him,
 And two or three good handlom cuffs then gave
 him.

Quoth he, why dost thou me so harshly handle,
 For I meant onely for to snuff the candle.

117. Of a Parasite.

Quoth a fawning fawning Parasite,
In Soothing and fly smoothing takes delight,
The sugred words his glav'ring tongue doth utter,
Are smooth as oyl, and soft as any butter.
When he playes with his fawning Spaniel Quail,
The Dog nev'r ceaseth wagging of his tail,
Seeing he and's Dog are so like each to either,
Put his Tongue and his Dogs Tail both together.

118. Of a short Cloak.

One with an old acquaintance of his met,
Who'd on a Spite he of some friend did get:
Said he, pray tell me how dost like my clothes.
Exceeding well (quoth he) as these times goes.
They're handfom, fit, and all do well consort,
Excepting onely that thy Cloak's too short.
Pish, if that that be all, that fault I'll smother,
For 'twill be long enough ere I've another.

119. Of Bullion Pawn.

A Tenant ow'd his greedy Landlord Rent,
And wanting ready coin to give content,
Was glad to speak him fair, and for to pray him,
To accept of Bullion pawn, till he could pay him.

The peevish Landlord sleights his Tenants proffer,
 And angrily to go away did offer:
 What shall I do with Bull in pawn (he said,)
 Thou knowest I keep no Kine, I will be paid.

120. *Of a brown Bull.*

There was a rustick cunning Countrey Clown
 Turn'd a Bull black which was by nature brown,
 Drove him unto a Fair, there fully sold him,
 And (as the common custom is) there toll'd him.
 And that he might in nothing seem to lack,
 Was entred plainly, *A Bull colour'd black.*
 The Buyer drove him home, and sets to grass,
 But a while after (so it came to pass)
 Whilst he lay out, there fell a deal of rain,
 Which brought the Bull to his own hue again.
 At which the owner storm'd, curst, band & swore,
 Was nev'r so cheated in his life before.
 Sends for the Seller, who soon to him came,
 The Buyer told him, he was much to blame,
 To serve him so, and threatned hard to sue him,
 Lest he'd restore his moneys back unto him.
 Do your worst, said he, for I care not a straw,
 You nev'r shall get a pin of me by law.
 The saying's *Caveat Emptor*, which (indeed)
 Adviseth well the Buyer to take heed.

121. Of a Thief condemned to dye.

There was a Thief condemned for to dye,
And when his Execution time drew nigh,
A many came to comfort this transgressor,
Amongst the rest a *Monk* was his Confessor;
Who wist him not fear Death, which ends all
And is the passage to a better life. (Arise,
H' absolv'd him of his sins all, on condition
He's sorry for them with sincere Contrition;
And as his sins were surely so forgiven,
So he that night should sup with Christ in Heaven,
Though (quoth the thief) I've fasted all day space,
Yet you shalt sup (if't please you) in my place.

122. Of another at point of death.

One on the ladder very nigh his death,
Within a minute like to lose his breath;
At's turning off (said) now have at that Dazie.
Nay short a foot (quoth th' hangman) if it please ye

123. Of another ready to dye.

A Thief being led to th' Execution place,
Said unto those that thither ran space;
What need ye make such haste (thus all and some)
For there will be no sport until I come.

124. *Of a Welch man, and an English man, who were hanged together.*

An English and a Welch man were to dye,
 Who fell out in the prison constantly; (ther)
 The English was condemn'd first, (you may ga-
 In that he first ascended up the ladder :
 He thereon leaning makes a long narration
 Of his ungodly life and conversation ;
 And now (quoth he) I've nothing more to say,
 But wish ye all good people for me pray ;
 Yet one thing troubles me : what's that one cries ?
 He (pointing at the Welchman) thus replies ;
 This to my troubled conscience is a elog,
 To think that I must hang by that Welch Dog :
 Welch dog (quoth Dasse) thou English Jobbernole
 Spite of her nose, I'll hang by'er thee by shole.

125. *Of a loving Wife.*

A man and's wife could never well agree,
 The cause whereof arose from jealousie ;
 The man his whorish wife had oftentimes bang'd,
 For which she often wisht to see him hang'd :
 It so fell out, that for some Robbery
 He was clapt up, arraign'd, and judg'd to dye ;
 She went with others to his Execution,
 And one that knew her and her constitution,

Said

Said to'r, you go to take leave of your friend,
Indeed (quoth she) I go to the same end;
For I oft vow'd, and now I'll not deceive him,
That I would see him hang'd before I'de leave him.

126. *Of a thirsty Thief.*

A Thief main thirsty going tow'rds the Gallows,
Call'd for a Gun of Ale at a by-Alehouse;
One brings it him, and fills him a full cup,
Which he receives, and straightwayes drinks it up;
Then drinks again, and offers for to pay,
Change Tapster quickly, for I cannot stay:
The Tapster wishes him to drink again,
He sigh'd as if his heart would burst in twain;
Ah me! the Proverb now I call to minde,
I shall be hang'd, I've left my drink behinde.

127. *Of a Welchman burn'd in the hand.*

A Welchman in the hand burn'd grievous sore,
Did at his burning neither cry nor roar;
The Judge suspected 'cause he did not cry,
That he wa' us'd therein too fav'rably:
And charg'd the Jaylor, burn him till he feels,
Or surely I will clap thee by the heels:
See here (quoth Hugh) why does her so command,
What wo'd her make glass-windows in her hand.

128. *Of a Cut-Purse.*

A Cut-purse going from the Goal to dye,
 A number that went with him then, did cry,
 That he with more of that accursed crew,
 Deserv'd that death long since, had they their due.
 A Glover who had lately lost his Purse,
 Did at him most extreamly ban and curse;
 And cry'd, thou Cut-purse Rogue, I do abhor thee,
 Hanging's a death too good and easie for thee.
 Why (quoth the Cut-purse) Glover what's the
 matter,
 That thou against me such vile words dost scatter;
 If that thou envy mine unhappy case,
 Come now with all my heart, and take my place.
 One of a Trade should not be an ill-wisher,
 Nor should an Herring-man despise a Fisher.
 I did it but to keep my hand in ure,
 Thou mak'st a common trade of't I am sure.
 For thou hast cut more Pursees in one day,
 Then I in all my life, I'll boldly say.

129. *Of a long strong Thief.*

A Welch man hearing one in deep discourse,
 How ev'ry Age grew daily worse and worse;
 As that Men by the common course of Nature,
 In Wit are weaker, and are less in Stature:

And

And now mee Fools compar'd to ancient Sages,
 Pigmies to Gyants of those former Ages:
 Which shews that all things sublunary tend,
 T' a final dissolution, and an end.
 Has her fed all (quoth *Shone*) pre hear her than,
 Her knew a Comro, her none Countrey-man,
 That was kin to her, for was her none Cousin,
 Was able for her strength to beat a Dozen.
 And for her length none with her durst compare,
 From *Fyburn* to the Coast of *Gibraltar*.
 For when was hang'd, her foots did reach so low,
 Her co'd ha toucht the ground with her great toe.

130. *Of one would have his Wife no longer argued
 between the Good man, and a Neighbour.*

A man was often us'd to threat his Bride,
 That she with him no longer should abide.
 A Neighbour knowing well her conversation,
 Ask'd him, to say so, what was his occasion?
 I've many reasons to my self best known.
 Let some of them I pray ye now be shown.
 First, she all day o're-tops mee ev'ry way,
 Then you by night o're-top her (I dare say.)
 Next she her head doth carry very high,
 And so she may, yet shew humility:
 Besides, in all things she doth over-reach me;
 Why, that is but more wisdom for to teach ye.

Nay

Nay more, in Bed she longer lyes then I;
 So is she longer up, you'll not deny.
 I'm too short for her, do I what I can;
 So for his Wife is ev'ry other man.
 The truth is she's the taller and the stronger,
 And therefore I'll not have her any longer.

131. *Of a Chyrurgeon Doctor, and an old Woman.*

A Doctor for to cure an old wives eyes,
 Her to be three dayes hood-winkt did advise;
 Mean while at times her Brass and Pewter clear,
 He stole from her, and what he else could bear:
 At last she unhoodwinkt, looking round about,
 Perceiv'd her household Goods all carried out:
 What must you have (quoth she) it might have
 been,
 That by your help I might have better seen;
 But I see now less then before, a many
 Of Goods I saw, but now I see not any.

132. *Of a Bear-bait.*

There was a Bear-bait near to a steep hill,
 Fight Dog, fight bear, come freely all that will;
 And after some loose courses had been past
 Betwixt them fair, the Bear brake loose at last;
 When he was loose, he ran as he were wood
 To the hill-top, where then a Tinker stood:

The

- The Tinker being very far in drink,
Caught fast the Bear, and did not budge nor shrink
Both struggled there a while, at last these twain
Did fall down headlong, o're and o're again;
And all the time these up and down thus tumbled,
The Bear he roar'd, the Tinkers budget rumbled:
Had you been there, and seen them act their part,
You almost would with laughter broke your heart.
The Bear at bottom loose did run away,
The Tinker puffed and blow'd, at last did say;
Which of the stout'st of all the company
Dare venture now to do again as I.

133. Of an ungrateful Debtor.

Tardus before I did thee money lend,
I when I would enjoy'd thee as a friend;
But now if any where by chance thou spy me,
As if I were a snake thou sleekest by me:
My moneys to demand I did not mean,
And yet I rather will then lose thee clean;
I'de lose my moneys, not thee, both together
I will not lose, enough for to lose either:
Then send my moneys, or come thou (if loth)
Either should come alone, ye may come both)
If that thou lik'st of neither, yet my due
I look for, but if thou nev'r come, adieu.

134. *Of Thraſo, who ſold ſome Lands for ſumptuous Apparel.*

With thy cloathes weight thou well mayeſt ſweat
 amain,
 Of Lands four acres in them they contain;
 Such ſtore of mould on dead Corps ne'e was caſt,
 As thou upon thy back now living haſt.

135. *Of one that eſcap'd Shipwrack, and dyed on ſhore.*

One ſhipwrack on the ſeas eſcap'd to ground,
 Yet he the land as ſea as dang'rous found;
 For whiſt he wet and weary fell aſleep
 On ſhore, but a ſmall diſtance from the deep,
 A Viper with her venenofity
 There bit him, that he died immediately.
 The Fates are firm, he but in vain does flye
 The Seas, who's deſtin'd on the Land to dye.

136. *Of a Trage-Comedy, entituled, Argulus and Parthenia.*

This Trage-Comedy does repreſent
 The fervent fancies of two Lovers bent
 In firm affection faithful each to either,
 And ſo continued all their lives together;

Theſe

These lookt not on the fawns or frowns of friends;
 Nor matcht they for some by-sinister ends:
 These did not love at door, and leave at hatch,
 Nor did these either for advantage match.
 The Groom to's Bride did not himself engage
 For great Estate, high-birth, or Parentage;
 Nor did the Bride expect the Groom to pour
 (as *Jove* in *Danae's* lap) a golden shower:
 Meer love was the first motive that did move
 This loving pair to sympathize in love. (Bride,
 The Bride did love the Groom, the Groom the
 Thus both did loving live, both loving died.
 Of divers loving pairs I've read strange stories,
 But none like these, I speak to both their glories.

137. Of a Physician and a Gold-finder.

A Doctor and Gold-finder fell at words,
 And all (Sir reverence) was not worth two —
 The Doctor said, he was a shotten slave,
 A sordid fellow, and base stinking knave.
 Doctor (quoth he) forbear those words unmeet,
 You know the smell of gain is very sweet
 Of any thing: nor be you a forgetter
 Of your own practice which then mine's no better;
 I smell your meaning out, you plain bewray it,
 Your trade's as loathsome, you cannot gain say it:
 For your oft poring into — and pills,
 To get gold thence, and so our stirring is.

138. *Of a Doctor and a Husbandman.*

A Husbandman who had been long time sickly,
 At last brought very weak, wisht his wife quickly
 Unto some Doctor for to bring his water;
 Who by inspection knowing not the matter
 Of his disease, ask'd of her like a Nody,
 The state and disposition of his body;
 As whether he were costative or no?
 He does not cost me much (quoth she) all know:
 He ask'd her then, if laxative he was?
 She said he lacks for nothing that he has.
 The Doctor as displeas'd did sling about him,
 And ask'd her if she did not come to flout him?
 Quoth she, I know not, Sir, your words of Arts,
 He belches, neezes, pisses, shits, and farts.
 This good (quoth he) but tell me how do's shite?
 That, Sir, indeed would anger you down-right;
 Sometimes he shites so hard, that for your life
 You'l hardly, Doctor, cut it with a knife;
 Another time he shits so thin again,
 That you may suck it with a quill again:
 Nay more, (Quoth he) I pre thee hold thy tongue,
 Like enough so, I've heard thee prate too long;
 I'll make no further privy inquisition,
 It's nev'r so fitted since I was Physician.

139. Of a Tenement, and a House of Office
situate next together.

A Landlord held a Tenement which lay
Close to an House of Office on th' high way;
The Message in Fee simple he of old,
And th' House of Office in Fee tail did hold:
The Tenement being not repaired long,
Was weak, but th' house of office was main strong.
The Messuage of a Tenant lying void,
A friend to write Inscriptions being employ'd,
O're the one door writ, here are some rooms to let,
O're th' other thus, here are some farts to let.

140. Of Open-arces or Medlars.

A Countrey Huswife her maid-servant sent
With Open-tails a Lady to present;
Though Open-tails and Medlars with them are
At Court as common as their Lady-wares.)
The Maid plain, down-right blunt, & homely bred
Dropping some curtsies to the Lady sed;
My Dame by me her service does present you,
And in this basket has (Sir Reverence) sent you
Some Open-arces, which though (by your favour)
They've a foul name, yet have no filthy favour:
These Medlars taken raw (she wisht me tell ye)
Will cause you pain'd at bottom of your belly,

As she has found; at which the Lady smil'd,
 Calling to minde when she was last with child;
 How longing for some, she sustain'd great harms,
 Ne're well until the pain came in her arms:
 Lady (quoth she) you laugh yet if but raw
 You eat these Medlars, they are not worth a straw;
 Nor are they worth a fart, (talk on my word)
 Until they're all as rotten as a ———
 The maid's talk caus'd the Ladies hearty laughter,
 And pleas'd her better then the fruit she brought
 her.

141. Of a disputation between Mr. Hugh Peters,
 and a Countrey Bumkin.

A Bumkin came to Peters, and him told
 He came to expute with him if he would;
 Peters lookt strange, and wondred what he meant,
 Yet told him if he would he was content;
 How much then shall it be for (Peters says)
 For five pounds, (quoth the Bumkin) if you please:
 The match is firmly bound on either side;
 Whereat some of the standers by replied,
 But who shall first begin? the Clown said then,
 You Mr. Peters, you'r the better man;
 Peters then askt him straight, who was Christs fa-
 Quoth he, you pose me now main hard I gather;
 So pausing on the same a pretty space,
 At last he briefly thus resolves the case:

Joseph

Joseph for't earthly Father's held by most,
But's heav'nly Father was the Holy Ghost;
Now did I rightly answer, (pray you tell)
You did (indeed) quoth *Peters*) very well:
Then quoth the Clown, my question I'll propose,
Who was my father, Sir, can you disclose?
Quoth he, thy father, how the Dev'l should I
E're know, whom I ne're saw with mortal eye?
I know him not, nor thee I tell thee true;
Then, quoth the Bumkin, you've lost good Sir *Hugh*
The moneys all are mine, I cannot stay,
So loops the moneys up, and goes his way.

142. Of carving up of a Woodcock.

A Schollar in a stormy winters night
Riding late homewards, was constrain'd to light
At a friends house in's way, where he oft came,
And still was very welcome at the same;
The Gentleman being sate at supper, he
Was wisht to sit down with the Company;
And being sate, and merry there, at last
The Gentleman a Woodcock on him cast,
And wisht him carve it up, but he refused,
And wittily desir'd to be excused;
Saying, that woodcocks were with Schollars dainty,
Though in the country they'd of them such plenty.
And therefore he'd not touch't by his good will,
And told the Gentleman he'd better skill:

Then reach't here (said the Gentleman) and see
 If I not carve't up artificially;
 Quoth Scholar, Sir, you've don't (indeed) so neatly,
 So rarely, exquisitely, and compleatly;
 That sure hereafter, wheresoever I do
 But see a Woodcock, I shall think on you.

143. Of a Dish of Samsons.

A Widdow did a friend or two invite
 To eat a dish of Samsons towards night;
 Who being come, she wishes them fall too,
 And says they'r welcome without more ado:
 And putting the fish heads and tails at once
 Into her mouth, nev'r caring for the bones;
 One noting it, and smiling, ask'd her why
 She ate the fishes so confusedly?
 Quoth she, (since my dear Husband's dead) I vow
 I do not care which end goes forwards now.

144. Of a Woddower and Widdow.

A Widdower who seven wives had matcht,
 And all by his unlawful blade dispatcht;
 A Suitor to a wanton Widdow went,
 For to obtain her favour and consent:
 But her maid-servant hearing that he'd kill'd
 So many, did perswade her not to yield
 By any means to be his wedded wife,
 Unless she were a weary of her life:

Away

• Away (quoth she) thou prates thou know'st not
Be his blade what it will, I fear it not. (what,
If he do thrust me in, I care not, I
(The world's so hard) am willing for to dye.

145. Of one Lowrie, who alter'd her
Name to Rose.

A Welch maid-servant, Lowrie call'd by name,
Unto a Shropshire Carrier lately came,
And said, she's for a London service bent,
And for her carriage he should have content.
He ask'd her name, as they they went on the way,
Lowrie (quoth she) but why d'ye ask I pray.
Lowrie (said he) those nice Dames nev'r will brook
You, when they do but on thee Lowrie look.
Why, what will you then have me call'd, she said.
Rose, and that's a sweet Name for any maid,
For when thou there art under thy Dame's nose,
(As thou'lt be often) she'll delight in Rose.
Rose too, may give thy Master sweet content.
Quoth she, so I fain would, where ev'r I went.
Rose then's my name, and you must call me so;
For Lowrie henceforth I'll no longer go.
I know not what between them further pass,
But she by's means in London was well plac'd:
Who did not there above a moneth abide,
But it came to her course, with more beside,

For to be Catechiz'd (as is the fashion)
 In view of a great publique Congregation:
 And standing up, the Parson as'd her name;
 She answer'd, *Rose*. (Quoth he) who gave the same?
 She said, one *Will* the Carrier, on a day,
 When we went to a Coppice by th' high way.
 But my first and right proper Name before,
 Was *Lowrye* at least these eighteen years and more.
 Whereat a many there burst out with laughter,
 And so continued for a long while after.

146. Of one Bull and Heifer, yoked
 together in Wedlock.

Reader (perchance) you'l think that I do take
 These two as feigned Names, for my craft's sake:
 But if you think so, you do think amiss,
 How ev'r he pleas'd so take it as it is.

A Bull an Heifer match'd, I'me of opinion,
 Of the same lineage as was *Samson's* minion:
 For he with's Riddles all his guests out-ow'd,
 Till some of them had with his Heifer plow'd.
 She whom he there calls Heifer was his wife,
 Which made him (of times) weary of his life;
 For she did make strong *Samson* wear the horns,
 And drew his foes to make of him meer storns.
 And Bull's wife like a beast let others ride her,
 Which made Bull horn mad, he could not abide her.

And

And he her scores requited to the full;
Which made her dog him, and oft bait the Bull;
Thus both being a like fauley each to eicher,
They both wore a large pair of Horns together.
Now when *Bull's* wife was pretty round and full,
Was't proper for to say, she'd ta'en the Bull;
Or was it handsom (she being *Bull's* wife stild)
To say she was with Calf, then, or with Childe.
So that to know (kinde Reader) I'd be glad,
What may we rightly call the race these had!

147. Of the Emperor *Augustus* Caesar

and a Country Fellows

A Courtier who was very intimate
With great *Augustus* Caesar, did relate,
That he a Villager did lately see,
Was very like unto his Majesty.
Augustus bade the Courtier fetch him thither,
That he might view him face to face together.
The man being a meet Clown, and homely bred,
And fearing lest he'd somewhat done, or said,
Might have offended his Imperial Grace,
Was long time very loath to come in place.
The Courtier bade him nothing for to fear,
And told him he would make him welcome there.
Where being come, he fall on's bended knee,
And sayes, long live great *Caesars* Majesty.

Caesar

Cesar straight brought him to a Glass, did shew
 Its Representative from top to toe.
 So noting him exactly face to face,
 And finding him so like in every place,
 He ask'd him, if his Mother us'd to come
 In his old royal Father's time to *Rome*.
 (Implying by those words, as one may gather,
 The man might be a Bastard to his Father)
 But the young man not knowing what he meant,
 Told th' Emprour that his Mother never went
 To *Rome* at all: But that his Father came
 Thither a many times, as he could name.
 Whereat *Augustus* laughing, said, I vow
 This Clown in mine own coin has paid me now,

148. Of a fancy Thief.

A peremptory Thief straign'd at Bar,
 For the grave Judge's speeches did not care,
 Which th' Judge well observing, in mind bore him,
 And said, were he not hang'd, he wo'd hang for him
 The thief his Honor thank'd: and said, I pray,
 When you I need, be not out of the way.

149. Of a Debtor dying in Prison,
 and buried by night.

A Debtor long time lay in Prison fast,
 Resolv'd to pay no debts at all, at last

•Inexorable Death with fury bent,
The King of kings great Pursuivant was sent,
With special Warrant him to take away,
And perforce make him Nature's debt to pay:
He being from hunger, cold, and misery,
Thence quit, enlarg'd, and set at liberty,
And all his Links knot't off he us'd to have,
Yet he with Links was carried to his grave.

150. Of a Cuckolds Etimology.

One ask'd a witty Scholar whence the name
Of Cuckold, and of wearing Horns first came;
Quoth he, thereof the reason I ne'r read,
But with the Horns pray trouble not your head:
As for the name of Cuckold some do hold
It came from a Welch old Cook that Cookold
For's *Currow da*, and not *da Currow* they,
In Cumroe Ale good, not good Ale do say,
And as Pen mello and not mello Pen,
Head drunk, not drunken heads call'd by Welch-
men.

Ev'n so the name of Cuckold first was born
By a Welch old Cook that liv'd at Signe of th'
Horn.

So that e're since two Cuckolds Horns sell par,
Yet tell some so, they'le be horn-mad thereat.

Of one Master Gun, and Good-
wife Merrimouth.

One Master Gun took for his recreation,
A Peece on's back, as was his wonted fashion;
And raising of some Ducks, he in their sight,
Some of them lam'd, and others kill'd out-right.
The Ducks were Goodwife Merrimouth it prov'd;
And Gun and she nev'r one another lov'd:
Who lighting of him, she no whit forbore,
But call'd him Knave an hundred times and more.
Gun thou'rt an hollow Knave I tell thee roundly,
And now Gun I intend to charge thee soundly:
If I to take thee but in hand desire,
Gun, I shall surely set thee soon on fire.
Gun, thou'lt an open mouth, a brazen face,
Still prying up and down in ev'ry place.
Gun, thou'rt a cruel murtherer, all devouring,
A sinking Knave that long have scap'd a scouring.
I care not Merrimouth for all thy talk,
I shall light on thee, if abroad thou walk.
Well, well, Gun, for thy threats a course I'll take,
Though Gun thou now but a false fire dost make.
Gun thou'lt been oft burn'd in the breach cock sure
The very sight of thee few can indure.
Whilst the chaps scold a Constable pass by,
Whom she did charge with Gun immediately.

Come

• Come Constable bring with you along *Gun*,
 And I will make him smoke for what he's done,
 Who being before a Justice brought, he told,
 That *Merrimouth* was such an arrant scold,
 None could live by her; for she us'd to prattle
 Louder then many *Guns* in a set battle.
 But she after a curstie dropt, or twain,
 Did fall a fresh of charging *Gun* again.
 Sir, *Gun* did kill my Duck, that so oft laid,
 Murther'd my Mallard, that so oft did tread.
 This *Gun* has oft been stock'd, and then has burst,
 And hurt a many who him heav'ly curst.
Gun, thou shalt have no rest I tell thee troth,
 Till thou hast giv'n me good content for both;
 If thou think'st I'll put up such wrongs as this,
 I tell thee *Gun* thou tak'st thy aim amiss:
 And if thou think'st me in my words to catch,
 Thou'rt out, for *Gun* has met now with thy match.
 Quoth Justice, Huswife best you hold your tongue,
 And you *Gun* must content her for the wrong.
 Content a *Nunquam satis*, sure there's no man,
 Can ev'r suffice such an insatiate woman.
Gun, you o're-shot your self in a strange sort,
 Henceforth *Gun* give of her a good report.
 Your carriage *Gun*, is bad in all mens sight,
 For you do miss the mark you aim at quite.
 Know you before whom now you are? why then,
 Shew more respect, we're not as other men.

We're

We're higher by the head, you cannot tell us,
 Our horns exalted are above our fellows. (her,
Gun, you must give'r content, for you did wrong
 I charge you do it straight, defer't no longer.
 And for the future, *Gun*, I tell you plain,
 You nev'r must carry Peece abroad again.
 Good master Justas, sure you do but flout me,
 For whilst I live I will bear *Gun* about me.

152. *Of certain ingenious Arts, and rare
 Inventions of former Ages.*

A touch of some ingenious Arts I'll give,
 Of some rare Artists that you'll scarce believe:
 One curiously contriv'd (as stories tell)
 All *Homer's Iliads* in a small Nut-shell.
Mermicedes compos'd a Coach so small,
 A Fly could cover Horses, Coach and all.
Callicrates did frame an Ant by art,
 So small, one could discern thereof no part
 Without help of a Multiplying Glass,
 Which shew'd each lineament, and what it was.

One *Archimedes* fram'd most cunningly,
 A Dove by art, which o're the Seas did fly;
 He made a Myrrhor too, was much admir'd,
 Wherewith Ships a great distance off he fir'd.

One *Paphos* a great store of Birds had caught,
 And long time closely in a Cage had taught.

For to speak plain, when they were let abroad,
Paphos est Deus, Paphos is a God.

One taught a Crow to salute *Cæsar* plain
In Greek, whom *Cæsar* pleas'd well for his pain.
A Cobler who the Crow in Greek heard chat in,
And's owner so well paid, taught one in Latine:
At length with *Salve Cæsar* to salute,
But finding the Crow very dull unto't,
As in despair would often to it cry,
Oleum & operam heu perdidit;
Which is, I've lost my labour, and my pain:
Which the Bird hearing o're and o're again,
At last learnt both: The Cobler who heard talk
That *Cæsar* forthwith was that way to walk,
Held out the Crow as *Cæsar* past that way,
And *salve Cæsar* straight the Crow did say:
Which *Cæsar* noting, said it did but chat,
And that he'd better Birds at home then that;
Whereat the Crow again did plainly cry,
Oleum & operam heu perdidit:
Cæsar his speech that fell so pat regarded,
And so the Cobler too he well rewarded.

Aristus being invited as a Guest
With others to a solemn sumptuous Feast,
Did cause an artificial Bird to fly
To each one then at board respectively,
And when from one to one it so had pass'd,
It came to his own hand again at last.

Another made an Eagle for to soar
Over an Emperours Coach six miles and more;
Which afterwards with his Imperial train
Attending on the Coach fled back again.

The Watch-maker as curious skill imparts
In his, as any other in their Arts;
For he's his Fusee, Wheels, and Gardegat,
Portants, Spring, Barrel, and I know not what;
His Cock, his Ballance, Arrow, and his Rochets,
With other pretty gimbals and neat Crochets.

The Art of Stenography late devis'd,
By which a deal's in a small room compris'd,
Is very rare; for by it I did note
A large whole Sermon in *Ottavo* wrote.

One made a Golden Chain with lock and key,
And four and twenty links drawn by a flea;
The which a Countess in a box kept warm,
And fed it daily on her milk-white arm.

One *Giger* did compose a curious Ring,
Through which he (himself unseen) saw ev'ry thing.

Some hold *Minerva* was the first that brought
Weaving in use, and it to others taught;
And others hold that fair *Arachne* Queen
Of *Colophonia*, was the first was seen
This Art to exercise, by whom was drawn
A twine more fine then any Cobweb Lawn:
But I hold (let what others will report)
We're first beholding to the Spider for't;

And

And though of manual Arts there's a great many;
Yet in the world like this there is not any.

And Printing was at first a rare Invention;
But being so common, I'll make of't no mention.

The Invention first of Guns (as stories tell)
From *Almain* came, I rather think from Hell;
For there's a filthy smoak, and a foul smother,
And spitting flames of fire at one another;
And men with Guns, incens'd with rage and ire,
Like Dev'ls at one another spit forth fire:
So that 'tis very like at first it came
From Hell, or from the Devil or his Dam.

Albertus Magnus who once Tutor was
To that renown'd profound *Pythagoras*,
Made the Idea of a man in mould,
So vive to the Spectators to behold;
With active iron gimbals to't to meet,
That it could move the head, eyes, hands, and feet;
And which was more to be admired at,
It some words plainly could articulate.

I of this sort could insert many more,
Which I'll omit, and purposely pass o're;
Being loath the Readers patience to offend,
For they were rather for his pleasure penn'd:
These shew what rare things may be done by Art,
Whilst God doth guide the Artists hand and heart.



Certain pleasant Propositions and
Questions, with their merry Solu-
tions and Answers.

Question 1.

HOW does this Earths vast ball so firmly stand
Of't self, without some main supporting hand

Ans. Because each Element when it's fixt right
In's one place, neither heavy is nor light.

2.

Q. Why did God take and make *Eve* *Adams* bride
Of an hard crooked rib from his left side?

A. Shews Wives are so inflexible, hard, crooked,
For some sinister ends, few men can brook it.

3.

Q. Why wooes the man the woman, and not she
The man, though her desire more eager be?

A. *Eve* came first out of *Adam*, which shews plain
What the man lost, he seeks for to regain.

4.

Q. Tell me I pray what kinde of Apple was't
In *Eden* *Eve* gave *Adam* for to taste?

A. A Bitter-sweet we truly it may call,

For

For it prov'd so to them, and to us all;
 'Twas pleasant to the sight, sweet to the taste,
 But bitter when from *Eden* they were cast:
 And so that bitter sweet proves unto all,
 Redeem'd by faith in Christ from Satans thrall.

Q. Why did God say, each creature that he nam'd
 Was very good, until that *Eve* was fram'd?

A. God in his secret wilddom did foreknow
Eve would be *Aue*, woman mans woe.

Q. Why did God say, let's make an Helper meet
 For man, in that society is sweet?

A. She prov'd indeed no less, for in a trice
 She help'd poor *Adam* out of *Paradice*.

Q. Why are most Women much enamoured
 Of such as had as first their Maiden-head?

A. Their Maidenhead did long time vex and
 grieve them,

Then they should love them best that ease did give

Q. Why are folks sox'd said to be far in drink,
 When drink's far in them rather one would think?

A. This an improper speech, though it be common
 Applied to any drunken man or woman;

But of Rats in an Ale-fat drunk, I think
 One may say truly they were far in drink.

(drown,
Q. When man and woman both by chance do
 Why rises he with's face up, and she down?

A. Shews they'll nev'r generate more, for both
 Still lay

At *Venus* sports the clean contrary way.

Q. At board why sits a woman highest still,
 And yet in bed lies lowest by her good will?

A. She loves her choice fat sweet bits night & day,
 Which gaping fall pat in her mouth that way.

Q. Which is the onely way to tame a shrew?

A. With kindness kill her, and you'll still her so.

Q. Why do some *Venus* Goddes. like adore,
 Though a base Prostitute, collapsed Whore?

A. Because so many for her favour wee heere
 Which gain'd, they fall upon their knees unto her

Q. Why did light *Venus* suffer *Mars* to enter,
 Having a lawful Husband to content her?

A. Because that limping *Vulcan* was too lame
 To stand, or take good footing at the game.

Q. What is't that God did ne're make, tell me, can
 ye?

A. A Cuckold, for he sure ne're yet made any.

15. Why

15.

Q. Why are the horns upon the Husband hung,
When as the whore his wife does all the wrong?

A. All beasts who've horns, upon their heads do
bear 'em, (em.

He's his wife's head, then fittest he should wear

16.

Q. Who was the meekest Wittal ev'r was born,
The veriest Cuckold that ev'r wore a horn,
The arrant'st whoremaster that ev'r did piss?

A. King *Solomon* who'd (as the story is)
Seven hundred wives, and concubines 3. hundred;
Which if he were not, it's to be much wondred.

17.

Q. Why do some Cuckolds love their wives more
dear,

Then others their chaste wives (as't do's appear?)

A. 'Cause none alive could give their wives their
due yet,

They like their letting others help to do it.

18.

Q. Why've Bastards often more ingenious pates,
And manly valour then Legitimates?

A. Legitimates are gotten commonly
In fatigated and spent Venery;

But th' other with a more couragious chear,

As *Mars* kist *Venus* with a full career.

19.

(Squint,

Q. And what's the cause some bastards look a
For all may think that there was somewhat in't?

A. At th'act the parents round about 'em spied
For fear, and so the childe became squint-eyed.

20.

Q. Who were the wickedst Judges e're were known?

A. *Pilate* and *Bradshaw*, who to hell are gone;
Th'one judg'd to death the guiltless King of glory,
Th'other King *Charles*, for whom all's friends are

21.

(sorry.

Q. Who was the greatest Br'wer this land ere bred?

A. *Cromwel*, who our late King decapited;
He brew'd more mischief, and debate set forth
Throughout 3 Kingdoms then his neck was worth
Now hell his stinking cask hath out of doubt;
Where he may long time hoop e're he get out.

22.

Q. What are those female wantons like that wear
Their loose light black hoods almost ev'ry where?

A. Methinks they look in those black hoods and
veils

(trails.

Like gentles who've black heads and wagging

23.

Q. Why do most wear two pair of hose, whereof
Th'one's for the most part red above the calf?

A. It shews that they from the red-shanks first came
And wear them so, in mem'ry of the same;

And

• And wearing of such double wrinkled hose,
• They make themselves great Calves, as I suppose.

Q. Why do some wear like cuffs about their feet,
Which to be worn about the wrists more meet?

A. This fashion shews, though it be base & scurvy,
That now the world is turn'd clean topside turvy.

35.

Q. How is't that there's so many Ribbons wore
Of divers colours all mens bodies o're,
About their hats, their waists, and at their knees,
But specially about their Codpeeces?

A. Their Codpeeces contain their Lady-ware,
To shew fair Ladies where their standings are;
Wherein they've giggombobs, and fain would
vent'em,
To please their sweet-hearts fancies, & content'em

36.

Q. Why did the Usurper and his mates conjoin
To make the shape of Breeches on their Coin;
When as the Sled, the Barrel, and the Sling
Were for a Brewer a far fister thing?

A. A Royallist (observing these late jarr
By women caus'd) call'd them the women-ware
So Cromwell for their sakes on that stamp pitches,
Because that Joan his wife did wear the breeches

Genus deterrima belli

Hujus causa fuit.

27. Who

27.

Q. Who brought up first wide breeches at the knees?

A. *Cromwel* with other his Accomplices.

Q. And what do they in that strange mode imply?

A. A Coat of Arms revers'd in Heraughtry;

Which doth a Traytor properly display,

And *Cromwel* was an arch one, so were they.

28.

Q. Who brought up shoes with noses then the feet
Broader, and longer, and each way unmeet?

A. This foolish fashion too from *Noll* first rose,

Who'd a great toting, huge large, main long nose,

29.

Q. Why wear fair Ladies fans of Ostridge plumes,
Whose able stomack iron soon consumes?

A. For lightness onely they do wear his feather,

For like with like delighteth altogether;

And though their stomachs are but queasie ones

To digest iron, yet they can the Stones.

30.

Q. Which do ye hold (pray tell me if ye can)
To be the direct middle age of man?

A. There's no one living punctually can say,

That this or that is till his dying day.

31.

Q. Which is the longest day do you suppose?

A. That wherein one endures most pain and woes.

Q. What is the shortest do ye apprehend?

A. Once

A. One's last, for that is highest to an end.

Q. How can it be by wit imagined,
One day should serve to judge both quick & dead?

A. The Conscience (whereof none can be refuser)
Shall then be's own judge, witness, and accuser.

Q. Who (Miller-like) first brought up poldring
which makes yong men look old, & black seem fair?

A. Nol when he did frequent his old Malt-mill
Came out thence in that manner poldred still;
'Twas fit they poldred such a stinking knave,
And so 'tis well for him he's in his grave:
For had he liv'd till now, (the whole world saith)
He'd late been poldred to some time haith.

Q. When that the Soul is from the body fled
Is't not fit the Corps should be buried?

A. No, rather make much of it, and give it such meat
As in that case is fit of * one to eat.

* A woman newly brought to bed.

Q. How long is't best for one to have a wife,
For certain years or else for term of life?

A. Two dayes are full enough a wife to have,
Th'one warm in bed, and th'other cold in grave.

36.

(fellow

Q. Why do some Blacksmiths, and most of the
Set horns upon the ends of their great bellows?

A. They took that use from *Vulcan*, I conceive,
Whose wife *Mars* kilt, & him the horns did leave.

37.

Q. What are those females like, who on their faces
Wear small black patches fixt in divers places?

A. They're like to spotted *the Pard*, who're great
rangers,

Which wrong their males by coupling oft with
strangers.

38.

Q. Why wore *Noll's* Souldiers lately altogether
Hangers, more then swords, tucks, or rapier either?

A. Their wearing Hangers plainly did bewray,
That they were hangers on the State for pay;
Which prov'd true: for th' State did but delay them
Till good King *Charles* took a wife comse to pay
them.

39.

Q. Of a fat roasted Pig through the midst cleft,
Which of the sides is best, the right or left?

A. When one of them is eaten (out of jest)
I for my own part hold the left's the best.

40.

(den?

Q. When is the Goose with the most feathers lost?

A. Its like then when she's by the gander troden.

41. Q.

41.

Q. Did not Geese save the Capitol of Rome?

A. Yes, when the Gauls against the same did come;
But therein they did shew themselves meer Geese,
Who by such silly Creatures it did lose.

42.

Q. What is't that's born of's mother without pain
Which its own mother soon begets again?

A. Congealed Ice begotten first of water,
Which being dissolv'd returns to the same matter.

43.

Q. Who was it that was born (now let me hear)
Before that either of his Parents were?

A. And had his Grandmothers virginity,
This though't seem very strange yet is no lye?

A. Adam and Eve were form'd of comely stature
By God, and so not born by course of nature;
But Abel was: who had the maiden-head
Of th'Earth his grandmother, when he was dead.

44.

Q. In Versifying, of all sorts of feet,
Which for the loving Females is most meet?

A. The Dactyle best with women doth consort,
Consisting of a long one, and two short.

45.

Q. Why doth Gold look so pale unto the eye?

A. Because that all in wait for it do lie.

And

And caught its kept close with such cares & fears,
That very seldom it abroad appears.

46.
Q. Of the five Tenses, or the Times, express
In *Lilly's Grammar*, which d'ye hold the best?

A. The Present Tense, or Time, for its in vain
To call the Preterperfect Tense again.

And of the Tense, or Time, term'd the Future,
We of a day or minute, are not sure.

47. (one)
Q. Of these three evils, which for best d'ye grant
A crooked Saint, rich Fool, or witty Wanton?

A. A crooked Saint is fittest for the Lord,
For who can fancy her, at bed or board.

A rich Fool, though of wealth she have great store
Yet will her talk but vex you evermore.

A witty Wanton when she's done you wrong,
Will put it quaintly off with a neat tongue.

Then of these Evils, if you chuse the least,
You'll finde the witty Wanton is the best.

48.
Q. How differ'd *Noll* and's son *Dick* in condition,
For both a while sway'd with the like ambition?

A. The father was more knave then fool a deal,
The son more fool then knave, its since known well

49. (twice)
Q. Who first wore boots which came up to his
So high, that he could for them hardly pise?

A. One

A. One Mounſier Stradler, who came with Com-
miſſion

From *France* to make with *Cromwell* compoſition,
Which ſoon agree'd, for both piſt in one quill;
For th'one did ſtride, the other ſtraddled ſtill:
Wherein did ſure conſiſt a Paradox,
For't ſeems they could not help it with a Pox.

50.

Q. What is the cauſe there lately did appear
So many ſtrong deluſions ev'ry where;
Such Hereſies, Sects, Schiſms, and Alterations,
In Church & Commonwealth in theſe three nations

A. Thoſe Schiſmaticks had then the ſole command
And all pow'r (though uſurp'd) in their own hand,
Then who could quaſh the ſame, or it prevent,
Whiſt there was wanting Regal government:
For when the Jews had no King, all did riſe,
And did what ſeemed beſt in their own eyes.

51.

Q. Who late reviv'd thoſe Perriwigs and borders

A. Some of *Noll's* Souldiers by their leud diſ-
orders,

Who marching by command to *France* o're ſeas,
Some Inſurrections there for to appeaſe,
Brought with them thence the Frenchified faſhion
And ſince beſtow'd it on ſome of this Nation;
That made their fronts ſo high, fair, ſmooth & even
That there was ſcarce an hair 'twixt them and
Heav'n.

And

And though this seem but a bald yeast in view,
I think you'l not dislike't, for its too true.

And some of the *Cromwellians* yet do cry,
A pox of all true yeasts, for that's no lye.

52.

Q Why are folks drunk said to be fox'd, pray shew,
For there are few the cause thereof do know?

A. Foxes are very red, and Drunkards most,
Look mighty flush'd when they the Cans have tost

2. Foxes do live by stealth, and so do they
Oft steal a Cup too much, then steal away.

3. Foxes love desert, and close lurking holes;
So have these by-nooks where they quaff their
bowls.

4. Foxes use ranging for their prey by night;
And these in late night walking much delight.

5. Foxes lie closely sleeping all the day,
So these in lurking pass the time away.

6. Foxes themselves do from the Hunters hide;
And these their followers never can abide.

7. Foxes do live of others pains and toil;
And Drunkards wholly live upon the spoil.

8. And lastly, Foxes have a filthy stink,
So've most foul Drunkards when they're farre in
drink.

Then seeing one Drunk's so like a Fox each way,
Those that are Drunk are Fox'd, one well may say.

117. 52. Q

53.

Q. Each morning when friends and acquaintance meet,

Why doth each other with Good morrow greet?

'Tis an improper speech, for who doth know?

A. Whether he shall live a day, or hour, or no.

Therefore the Welch men do more proper say,

When they salute with *Duddaweb*; that's good day.

54.

Q. Which of all things should be the most respected,

Yet for the most part, is the most neglected?

A. Time, which most pass away in pastimes vain;

Yet none one minute past can call again.

55.

Q. When one with his own wife (unknown) doth lie,

Taking her sure, for's neighbours wife hard by;

What do ye think of that childe so begot?

Is it legitimate, or is it not?

A. If for the Will the actual deed you take,

A Bastard of it then you needs must make.

56.

Q. What's the fulfilling of the Law I pray?

A. To love thy neighbour as thy self each way;

So who to's neighbours wife bears as good will,

As to's own wife, he doth the Law fulfill.

I

37. Q.

372

Q. When is it best for one to fall on board?

A. The Cynick tells us bluntly in a word;

A rich man when he's stomach to his meat;

A poor man when he's somewhat for to eat;

38

Q. What think ye of such women that are so
lifer'd by help of men where e'er they go?

A. 'Tis fit such should be help'd by some one hand
That of themselves can neither go nor stand.

39

Q. Who first found out th' Italian strange Padlock?

A. Monfieur Zelotus who'd the French Padlock

He'd a choice piece to do, but could not do it,
And lockt it up so close none could come to it.

60

Q. VVhat evils to most Houses do pertain?

A. A foul offensive smoak, a showre of rain;
Young hungry children from their meat kept long
And a throw'd wife, who hath a scolding tongue.

61

Q. How many sorts of Cuckolds may there be?

A. There's chiefly sev'n, as you may plainly see.

The first's a creeping Sneak that's cuckolded,

Though snail-like he, his house keeps o're his head.

The second Goat-like wears his horns behind,

VVhich being out of sight, are out of mind.

The

Questions and Answers. 317

The Third, Ram-like, hath a large pair of horns,
And sees them, yet to bear them never scorns.

The fourth, Bull-like, bears on his front before,
A border from Bush-board, lest he gore.

The fifth, Stag-like, trips with a fair ottise,
VVhich standing he doth gaze at, and admire.

Yet many Gallants put him in great fear,
VVhen they come in his Park to hunt his deer.

The sixth resembles the Rhinoceros,
VVho though his horns grow not as others grow's

Yet findes no fault with their Deformity,
So he may reap some benefit thereby.

The seventh, Unicorn-like, bears his horn
Main high, in that himself is nobly born;

So like the Unicorn (as stories tell us)
His horns exalted far above his fellows.

62. Q. VVhat vermin's that (though it be small in sta-
VVhich so degenerates from the course of nature,

That it corrodes the matrix of its dam
VVhich bred it, fed it, & to light it came?

A. The Viper, which Christ upon just occasion,
Did paralyze unto the Jewish Nation.

VVho's teeth hid in the gums vile sharp & keen,
VVhen with (when time serves) it doth teak & teene.

63. Q. VVhat beast is that which his own fire he're
For at th' engendering he his life doth lose?

A. The

A. The Bitch Wolf when she's proud with dogs do
 Raving and raging ever too and fro. (50,
 Where they a filthy coil about her keep,
 Till wearied out, at last they fall asleep,
 She wakes one, which her lines, & when each misses
 His prey, they tear him limmally in pieces.

64.

Q. What creature weaves a web to her own woe
 And twists a twine to her own overthrow?

A. The subtil Spider, who's an Emblem right
 Of envy, hatred, malice, and of spice:
 She her own lean spare entrails doth not spare,
 With webs chance drawn, poor flies for to ensnare.

65.

Q. What Creature's that which kindles, and beside
 Hath a new breed of young at the same time?

A. This of the Hare (though very strange) is true,
 Who at once is Patient and Pregnant too.

66.

Q. What fowl is't which with angels plumes do fly
 That hath a thievish gate, a devilish cry?

A. The Peacock *Juno's* Bird, with his proud flail,
 Who'th *Argos* hundred eyes about his tail.

76.

Q. And what fowl is't, that boil it, roast it, bake it,
 As thoroughly and as well as fire can make it;
 Yet will it before few dayes are past o're
 Become as raw as when it was before;

And

And being kept nev'r so long (let who will try)
It will not stink, nor taint, nor putrifie?

A. It is the self-same Bird, which his food makes
Of pois'nous Ashes, Adders, and of Snakes.

68.

Q. What things to a Chyrurgeon's requisite?

A. Three chiefly, which I'll briefly here recite.

1. First he must in his Patients ulcers pry
With an acute sharp piercing Eagles eye.
2. Next he must have a Lions heart, not swound
Nor faint at sight of any mortal wound.
3. And he must have a Lady's hand t' apply
Salves to all sores exceeding tenderly.

69.

(found,

Q. What strange Tomb's that, and where may it be
Which toucheth neither heav'n, nor sea, nor ground

A. God *Mahomet's* Iron Chest in *Mecha* fair,
Drawn up by Load-stones hanging in the Air.

70.

Q. Why hath sad Night her sable weed still on?

A. She Bride-like mourns for Day, as dead & gone.
If the Stars did not comfort her so mourning,
With grief she'd break her heart e're Day's return.

71.

(sing.

Q. How is't two Elements by Nature's cunning,
Th'Earth standing still, the Water always running,
Make one Terrestrial perfect Globe and Ball?

A. The God of Nature nothing fram'd at all.

In vaine, but to some special use and end;
 So both being heavy, naturally tend
 To the same center, where they bear and feed,
 All creatures that do spring of mortal seed.

72.

Q. Why doe men for light Errants women blame,
 VVhen they'r themselves as faulty in the same:
 For 'mongst the wandring Planets they may finde
 Five males, for but two of the female kinde?

A. Poor women still do bear the blame of all,
 Because the weak' it is thrust unto the wall:
 For when with *Venus Mars* conjoyn'd together,
Venus bears all the burthen of the fault.

73.

Q. Why do most a wilde wench a wanton call?
 For shee the doth still want one to sport withall:
 Yet when shee to her comforts full contents,
 These wantons say she wants to change contents.

74.

Q. How many worlds may there be tell me
 For there are more then one (as many say).
 And *Alexander* *was* *under* *told*,

That there were many worlds, when that he could
 Not conquer one, for all his toil and pain,
 VVhich made proud *Alexander* weep againe.

A. If you mean for a little vvorlde longer,
 As (in himselfe consider'd) he's no less,

In

In regard of this exquisite Perfection,
Then there's a world of Worlds without excepti-
But Gods word plainly shews (this all and some)
There's but two, this world, & the world to come,

Q. VVhat creature's that which weakly creeps on
four,

Then goes upright of onely two; no more;

VVithin few years to go of three is slain;

And at last feebly creeps on four again.

A. A little Infant first of four doth crawl,

In manhood walks of two; being then grown tall:

After grown weak, he's with a Staff comforted;

And in old Age with crutches he's supported.

Q. VVwhether is't better if one match be all

To chuse a wife man big, or very small?

A. Herein our wisd a Cynick his advice

VVho wisht him take one of the smallest size.

For (quoth he) in my judgement it is best,

Of Evils, ever for to chuse the least.

Q. If there were a good wager to be laid,

Of one to his full weight for to be weigh'd;

Whether d'ye think will such an one weigh more

Fasting, or when he's freely fed before?

A. When one hath fasted long he's heavier be,

Then when he hath eaten to satietie;

Because his sp'its by fasting are abated,
Which are by eating food exhilarated.

78.

Q. Wherein's fair *England* far more beautified,
Then any Kingdom in the World beside?

A. In fair and sumptuous Temples it excels,
In stately Tombs, and well tun'd Cords of Bells.
In Rivers, Bridges, and in pleasant Fountains,
In fruitful Valleys, and high tow'ring Mountains.
In wool, in flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle,
In Marshal-men, and horses train'd to battle.
And in the store of Ladies fair, for there
Are proper women common ev'ry where.

79.

Q. Do women live in worse or better cases
In *England*, or in many other places?

A. In other Nations wives are light set by,
'Cause they allow of lewd Polygamy;
But *England* is a Paradise for Wives,
For there their Husbands love them as their lives;
For Servants it's a Purgatory sure,
For there a deal of sorrow they endure.
And it's an Hell for Horses, being fair
Under the Whip to take a world of pain.

80.

In what form do you think a woman would
Seem fair't for the Spectators to behold?

A. If

A. If she were Dutch from foot t'above her thigh,
Wherein consists a modest mystery,
From thence, if she were French to her neck's
height,

For they of body commonly are streight;
And thereon if an English head were plac'd,
For of all others they are handsom'st fac'd;
Who's thus by Nature form'd from top to toe,
For an accomplisht Lady needs must go.

81.

Q. In *Spain* why's a maid an Infantesse stil'd,
Which signifies an infant, or young childe?

A. Because that there are none, (the word shews
plain)

But onely Infantes that are Maids in *Spain*.

82.

Q. What's best for Barber, surgeons, wars or peace?

A. All's one to them, their trade doth never cease,
They've Salve for ev'ry sore within some box,
In wars for wounds, in peace to cure the P_____

83.

Q. From whence came first the *Cyprian* soul dis-
Which doth so many pleasingly displease?

A. From the Low Countreys, as some do report,
Near Gelderland, or from thence not much short,
Some think from the Venetians it proceeded,
And others hold th' *Italians* first dishonour'd it;

But

But 'tis most like, it from the French first came,
In that from them it still retains the name.

84.

Q. Is it for truth, whereof the Irish boasts,
There lives no poisonous Creatures in their Coasts?

A. 'Tis sure, and hath long since for truth been
tried, (died.

For such being thither brought have straightways
Yet they with Lice a loathsome plague are curst,

Of all the ten Egyptian Plagues the worst

And though their fingers itch to be about them,

Do what they can, they cannot live without them

85.

Q. Whence do the Scots derive their name I pray,

A. From *Scotos* a Greek word, (as Authors say)

Which Darkness signifies, in that they quite

Live Northward more remote from *Phœbus* light;

If then they are so dark, 'tis strange of late

They should presume for to illuminate

Those two transcendent and resplendent eyes

Of *Englands* famous Universities.

Those inexhaustible fountains of life eternal,

And raise such Locusts from the Abiss infernal,

To muddle, and to disturb the same,

To Gods dishonour, and to their own shame:

Yet they pretend, (but we to God refer it)

What they did was by the infusion of the Spirit;

But

Questions and Answers. 125

But if it were by a spirit, it was a mad one,
Or as *St. John* the Devil calls a *Blasphemer*.

Q. And whence did the perfidious Scots descend?

A. From the *Jews* lineage (as I apprehend.)

For as the *Jews* by their strange laws (we read)

VVhere e're they came Sedition still did breed.

Ev'n in the Scottish Clergy by their false

Bred in our English Church these late distractions.

And as the *Jews* of Concubines kept store,

So ev'ry Scot keeps commonly an whore :

And as the *Jews* all swines-flesh held impure,

So can the Jewish Scots no Pork endure.

And as the *Jews* did treacherous *Judas* pay,

Our Christ, their Lord and Master to betray,

And to reign over them would not abide him,

But (guileless) with great fury crucified him,

Ev'n so the Scots our good first *Charles*,

Their native King would not permit to reign,

But *Judas*-like, when they had him in hold,

(And might have sav'd) deliver'd up for Gold :

Nay worse then *Judas*, they would nev'r restore

The perditionous hire they had before,

Nor do repent that execrable deed,

A stigmatized shame to all their seed :

No, they'l be hang'd first, yet for curst self

They'l hang themselves, as *Judas* hang'd him

self.

God

God bleſſe our King from thoſe perfidious Scots,
 And from all Traytors perditionous Plots;
 And ſend him long propitiouſly to Reign
 O'er his Dominions all of Great Britain.

Amen.



*A merry May Song for this Year
 of our Lord, 1662.*

To a pleasant Tune,

1. **L**et us ſing and rejoyce
 With a chearful voice,
 And unto the Lord let us pray,
 That the heavenly Powers
 Would ſend down ſweet ſhowres,
 To gather the Flowers in the May.
2. Come now freſh *Aurora*,
 And fair *Goddess Flora*,
 Clear *Phœbus* to ſhine on the earth;
 Come *Cynthia* bright,
 Play thy Midwife's part right,
 And be aiding all to this new birth.
3. For

3. For *Tellus* it seems
Once ev'ry year teems
About this month of *May*;
She brings forth her birth
With great joy and mirth,
And is deckt with most Royal Array.
4. Of all times in the Year
It plain doth appear,
That *May* is the chief and the prime;
The Fawns now are tripping,
The Lambs and Kids skipping,
And making all merry pastime.
5. In the pleasant Spring
The pretty Birds sing,
Making a sweet Melody;
They hop, and they flye
From tree unto tree,
Delightful to eye and to eye.
6. Let us walk in the Fields,
And see what *May* yields,
Most pleasant and sweet is the Air;
The Meadows are green,
And the Leasows are seen
All over neat, decent, and faire.

7. The

7. The fruitful grounds
 With blossoms abounds,
 And fresh colours manifold;
 And are for delight,
 For sent and for sight,
 Most pleasant to behold.
8. The Primrose meet,
 And the Cowslip so sweet,
 The Marsh-mal, the Crows-foot, and Daisie;
 The Bolt upright,
 And the Lady smock-white;
 You may there take up if it please ye.
9. Now true Lovers may
 In the fields sport and play,
 And give their sweet hearts a green Gown;
 And who can come soft,
 And Yet will not do it,
 I count him an absolute Clown.
10. In troops now out-flies
 The labouring Bee,
 And about in the fields they do strive;
 From blossoms and buds
 To gather their Goods,
 And Honey bring home to their Hive.

11. The Philomel sings,
And the VVoods and Groves rings
With her notes so shrill, pleasant, and pretty;
And the Cuckow is glad,
Though some be horn-mad
For to hear him in Town or in City.

12. And now let us pray
To the Lord, that he may
Bless our good King *Charlemain*,
From Plots and Conspiracies,
That free from all Heresies
He may the true Gospel maintaine.

FINIS.

*These Books (with many others) are
Printed for M. Wright, at the
Kings Head in the Old Bailey.*

Natural Magick, in twenty Books, wherein is
set forth all the riches and delights of the
Natural Sciences, by *John Baptista Porta*. in fol.

The Old Couple, a Comedy, by *Tho. May*, Esq.

The History of *Demetrius* and *Fannia*.

The seven Wise Masters.

Carroll on *Job*, the ninth Volume.

Astrological Institutions, being a perfect Isa-
gogue to the whole Art of Astrology.

17. Sermons preached at the University and at
Court, by *Rich. Gardiner*, D. D. and Chaplain to
King *Charles* the I.

Christ alone exalted, in fourteen Sermons by
Tobias Crispe, D. D. being his first Vol.

The Plain Mans path-way to Heaven, by *Ar-
thur Dent*.

Mans Master-piece, or Meditations, by Sir *Pe-
ter Temple*, Knight.

The Saints desire, or Divine Consolation, by
Sam. Richardson.

Erasmus de copia verborum.

The English Improver improved, Or, the Sur-
vey of Husbandry surveyed, by *W. Blithe*, &c.

